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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

GOVERNESSES: EDUCATION.

[In our advertising columns will be found the outline of a new plan to extend and improve the benefits of an Institution in which we have from the first taken a deep interest. It is not a class interest. It is not for the sake of the parties most interested, but it is for the good of society, and the well-being of those (the children of all) who have truly been declared to be "Sacred Things." Much, too much, has the wisdom of Solomon been thrown away in respect to the training of youth and general education. Let us hope that a clearer day has dawned, and the world become convinced of the great truth, that there never will be good men and women unless you take care to instil into infant minds the great principles which alone can guide human beings to intellectual and virtuous enjoyments, the love of kind, and their own prosperity and happiness. In many cases, the teachers stand as much in need of being taught, as those entrusted to their charge; and where the blind lead the blind, only a fall can be expected. Ravens cannot bring up nightingales, nor can owls rear eagles. Let us have a guarantee of the fitness of instructors, and most of the evils which now result from incompetency will be averted. Those so vouched for will be entitled to, and obtain more respect from parents than has hitherto been accorded to a miscellaneous and differently accomplished body. They will also have more reliance on themselves, and feel more distinctly what is due to them and their most important functions. Altogether we think very highly and hopefully of this movement, and we trust it will be carried out to the utmost extent. For farther illustration, we turn to two volumes on our table.]

Mothers and Governesses. By the author of *Aids to Development, &c., &c.* Pp. 159. London, J. W. Parker.

The True End of Education, and the means adapted to it. By Margaret Thornley. Pp. 342. Edinburgh, Clark; London, Hamilton, Adams and Co.

HERE we have two teachers, and a contrast of the most startling kind. The first merits our highest approbation; the last we shall speak of anon. How justly is it stated in the former:

"The living principles of a mother's life, should be self-forgetfulness, and self-denial, and in a truly Christian mother's life, they will be so, and she will educate her family by the same rules which influence her own conduct. Such a parent will regard her governess as her fellow-helper, as one who is working with her for the highest ends, even the immortal well-being of her offspring. Nor will she ever consider herself as released from the deepest obligations to her."

"It is very difficult to legislate on the subject of education, and it is often practically impossible to carry out the best theories; but experience dictates, that the wisest and healthiest method to adopt, is that of selecting a lady thoroughly well grounded in all the studies peculiar to her own language, combined with so much musical knowledge as will enable her to teach the elementary parts of that science, which is now considered an essential acquirement for every female. Indeed, when truly exercised it has a harmonizing and elevating effect on the

mind, and as a social amusement is truly valuable. Then for all other accomplishments professors should be selected, who really excel in their several departments. It is granted that in many country places it is impossible to obtain this help; but where this is the case, either the parties must lower their expectations, or offer such terms as will secure the services of a competent governess; or many neighbouring families might unite together, and make it worth while to a superior instructor to reside within their reach."

If governesses are fit to associate with children, they are no less fit to associate with their parents; and

"The reason this is mentioned in the first place, as a grand remedial means, is, that if governesses were generally so treated, if children were taught to love and revere those to whom they were under such incalculable obligations,—if the parents cheered them on instead of keeping them at a cold distance, then a different class of ladies altogether would undertake the work. Not only those who must go out, because they have no other means of support, would enter upon it, but many who now will subsist on very small means, just to avoid the necessity of encountering the deep sorrows they see almost necessarily attached to governess-life. The daughters of clergymen, for instance, who have been thoroughly well brought up, would often be willing, for a certain number of years, to enter into families,—not because they are obliged to leave home, but because it would be but an exchange of homes, and an honourable way of assisting others. They would not then lose their position in society, but be considered more actively useful members of it: those who had talents for education would not scruple to use them in this way, and many with small means and no particular ties in life, but blessed with active minds and earnest desires to do good, might willingly assist a mother who would consider and treat them as fellow-helpers for her children's good. But when a high-minded woman knows, that the moment she enters into a family, she is only 'the governess,' that she is shut out of the circle, looked down upon by their acquaintances and friends, never treated as an equal—nay, often regarded by her own rich relations, who refuse to assist her, as having disgraced them,—how can such an one but shrink from an office, at once so really honourable and essential to the well-being of the country?"

"We may truly say this, for has not the training of females the greatest influence on the other sex likewise? Look at the boy, whose sisters have made his home happy, who have been his companions, his playmates, and friends, and who count upon his return from school, and bear with all his follies, and are always waiting round him with offices of love, and who, as he grows up, have entered into his pleasures and his honours;—look at such an one in the progress of life, at College, in the world, and see the difference between him, and the boy who has no sister's love to cheer him,—no circle of home enjoyments, as the purest recollections of his life; who has no one if he goes wrong who will forgive and lead him back again, and who, in the midst of the cold selfishness of the world, cannot feel that there are always warm hearts to love him. Yes, the difference between those two influences will tell on all the man's after-

life, and therefore it is, that the right education of girls is, in a sense, the right education of the country."

"Only a few years ago, (continues the writer,) the class for which we plead, had amongst the innumerable public institutions with which the land abounds, not one in which their cause was distinctly advocated, or to which they could appeal in case of need,—they shrank from the public eye, and their wants and sorrows were almost unknown. The rank of life to which they belonged, prevented them from seeking relief in the mode in which the recognized poor obtain it, and often private appeals were answered with the repulse, 'You have rich relations, why do they not support you?' and the sufferings which had amounted to an extremity hardly to be endured before, were aggravated by their being thrown back on those, who, living in the abundance of all things, grudged them even the most scanty relief. Many of these cases have now been brought to light, through the labours of those connected with the Governesses' Institution; but this excellent society is comparatively so little known, that its funds are utterly inadequate to supply the wants of its innumerable applicants. It can therefore at present embrace only a few objects."

Every year, and every new effort must add to its strength and efficiency, for its call upon the public is one of the most momentous to the welfare of families and the general weal, that can be conceived by philanthropy and patriotism.

"Is there not a strange inconsistency in our estimate of things, when we see the sedulous care that is taken to limit the exercise of professional duties to those thoroughly qualified to practise them, and the carelessness that is felt about the education of ladies, to whom is to be committed the instruction and guidance of the female part of our population, in the upper ranks of society? What would be thought of a neighbourhood, in which there was no medical attendant who had walked the hospitals, or who had passed through the studies and examinations necessary to qualify a man for prescribing in sickness, or operating in cases of accident or injury? There are distinct professors to attend to the eye and to the ear of the body, but the eye and the ear of the mind may be entrusted to any one who sets up for a teacher, and who needs but slender credentials to entitle her to practise her art."

Again we repeat our aspiration for better times; and have now to say a few words to Mrs. Thornley, whose strange ambitious style and odd misuse of words are a libel on the English language, grammar, and education. We hardly know what to make of "passivity induced by the ignorance of the people" (p. 65), or the "permanent adulteration of ideas of government" (p. 67); and many other instances of the same sort puzzle the understanding, and are the less excusable as they are addressed to some young lady who has just commenced the career of a governess.—Poor Girl, if she takes her rules from this guidance, she will be in a pitiable and useless plight, for she is advised to make herself mistress of not only ten times more knowledge than would be good for her, but ten times ten times as much as she could cram into one small head to afflict the world with wonder. We rejoice to observe that the young governess had sense enough in one instance to resist politics, and hope she

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showed a like firmness in other cases, though not recorded in the volume before us. At all events it is a comfort to find:

"And so my dear M—, your abstinence from remarks on my letters on history has arisen from disapproval; which you forebore to express till I had said all I meant to say. You have a dread of the approach of that most repulsive personage—a female politician; and certainly, as you represent her, she is an individual most carefully to be avoided."

The following remarks seem extremely applicable to the writer's own manner:

"The garb which best becomes error, and in which, therefore, she most frequently makes her appearance, is that of unintelligible language, fashioned in the beautiful involutions of nebulous obscurity, and adorned by the richly-folded veil of mystery."

"The most common fault likely to be committed, the proverbial characteristic of young ladies' letters, is extreme elongation. From all composition, discard without quarter, repetition, irrelevance, and nihility."

Here is a nice bit of biographical anticipation:

"The influence of municipal corporations, for instance, on the constitution of a country, considered as embodying the commons in regular organization for the purposes of government, cannot surely be a subject inappropriate for the study of one who we need not wander very far into the region of romance to imagine, may become the wife of an alderman, and the mother of a member of parliament."

But it is unnecessary to follow out this tissue any farther; and we conclude with a passage which proclaims Poetry to be Science, and advises thereupon in a very questionable shape:

"Children find themselves at home in poetry; it is nature's language, and I would let them revel in it; I would kindle the taste, and fan the flame even to enthusiasm. An undue ardour will pass away with the buoyancy of early youth, whilst poetic sensibility will be wrought into the mental constitution as an element of elevation and refinement."

"I do not regard poetry merely as an art, whose object it is to afford pleasure to the imagination. I consider it rather as a science which teaches us to use our senses well; to see, hear, feel, with an activity which never tires, and a discrimination which, in proportion as it is exercised, becomes more intelligent."

Common sense, the essence of all the senses, come to our aid! With that foundation we may elevate and build to the skies: without it we rest on a quicksand, and if not worse, only raise castles in the air.

THE STAGE: CHARACTERS.

The Players; or, the Stage of Life. By T. J. Serle. 3 vols. Colburn.

THERE is a complicated dramatic plot, and a profound mystery in this novel, which are wrought through many successive and various scenes, and engage a considerable number of actors, high low, virtuous and vicious, grave and comic. These Mr. Serle handles with the skill of an experienced artist, and the talent of a man of reading and social observation. But the distinguishing feature of his book is its picture of the payer's life. He makes his hero turn stroller, after having been ruined by a gambling conspiracy, and the denouement depends on the companionship into which he is thrown by this event, and the new pursuit for a bare subsistence. The description of the resort in London, to which he is taken when in search of an engagement; and of the agent in that sort of business, and his levees, will afford a fair idea of the least familiar sketches, and the author's manner of drawing

them. His friend and adviser is one Leslie, an eminent performer; and here is part of their preliminary conversation.

"Psha, Leslie! you're determined to discourage me in this way,—it cannot be so bad as all that."

"Upon my honour, I tell you the truth: all young aspirants think there is a scarcity of people in the same predicament:—you will see. I'll be frank with you at once: I never knew an actor whose probation did not cost him something handsome, one way or other."

"Why, many of them haven't had a penny to begin with."

"No, they've paid in meal or in malt, though: if they haven't had money to buy it off, a little preliminary starvation, and a few inconveniences of that sort, have been indispensable—that is, of folks who choose to begin at the top of the tree; if they have fought their way from the delivering of messages, perhaps they have got on with more comfort."

"But I should not like to play little parts; there would be no excitement—no pleasure."

"Just what I anticipated: well, if you are very lucky, and can keep yourself for half-a-year or so, till you are 'rough perfect,' as we call it, in some of the leading characters, you may then, perhaps, be able to get a pound, or five-and-twenty shillings a week, by playing them."

"A pound or five-and-twenty shillings a week!—Oh! but I suppose benefits—"

"By some of which you will lose, and by some of which you may get two or three pounds."

"My dear Leslie, that's impossible."

"It is true; you'll be very well off, comparatively, when you reach that point."

"Well off! why they travel: what do they allow for expenses?"

"Nothing; one company travels seven or eight hundred miles a-year upon that system."

"How?"

"Oh, walk, generally."

"I suppose so." Eustace reflected; there was a long pause.

"Come, don't muse, for I have no intention of really discouraging you. I'll tell you, for your comfort, that when I have earned as much as five-and-twenty or thirty shillings a-week, I have been as independent—as happy, as to money matters, as I ever was in my life."

"I really do not understand you: how is any one to be independent upon such a sum,—happy?"

"Merely because he's as rich, if not richer, than any one else in his society. If he has only that to expend, no one expects him to expend more; he casts aside everything conventional,—he need not forego even a comfort; the claims upon you come down to your means. You shall often find, for instance, a cheerful, clean, snug apartment, with fire, candle, and assiduous attendance, for five shillings a week; that is what I paid, I remember, in Lincoln."

"Well, that a little explains the matter, to be sure: but how it could be worth the while of your landlord?"

"It was, or I should not have had the apartment—they did not know me from Adam, but you'll find that some of the good folk reverence the players; and, adding the bearing of a gentleman to the calling, you may secure any quantity of respect you can reasonably desire."

"It is very curious," said Eustace.

"You will find it all to be fact; and, when once fairly in it, a delightful life it is!" Leslie's eyes kindled with enthusiasm, and he went on: "Your audience easily pleased, yourself so much at your ease that you attempt whatever you conceive—acting, perhaps, three times a week—walking, in the finer evenings, the other three or four; surrounded by companions, all of whom are characters, and who claim no association with you out of the theatre, but such as you yourself seek—all full of anecdote and whimsical

expedient, so that there is often a pleasant drama behind the scenes, than before them. Ah! in a respectable little country company, one may pass some of those very few days that it would be neither sin, shame, nor folly, to wish to live again."

"You began by dissuading me altogether, and now you're picturing me an earthly paradise, at the very small charge of five-and-twenty shillings a week."

"You're right! but then, you've a great deal to do to come up to this—the undisputed lead of a circuit; besides, is one to begin by paying you a compliment you evidently don't pay yourself,—expect you will see that you can be very rich, when everybody would say you were very poor? And, then I don't say that all is to be painted in rose-colour; there are petty tyrants and rivals, as well as great ones, but the general tone is that of frankness and forbearance towards everything really entitled to respect. It will do you a world of good, too,—teach you more of the reality of life in a month, than anything else would in ten years. You walk through the land; it is hard if you don't learn something of the wants, interests, and feelings, of those who dwell in it—that does not make your head or your heart the worse: for yourself, you see how very little you can do with, and how very little difference it makes to do with a little—that does not make you mean the worse: you learn to estimate everything you get as a real enjoyment,—your homely meal has the zest of a feast,—by Jove, you're not the less happy!"

The friends consequently proceed to the place we have indicated.

"At a public-house, not far from the 'great houses,' as the actors term the patent theatres, the disposer of all the minor theatrical patronage held his court. All the livings under a certain sum, that is, all the livings which were no livings at all, were in his absolute gift; and this Lord Chancellor of the dramatic art had influence even in disposal of better things. Yet, for an actor of Leslie's standing, to pass the threshold of the Goat and Mustard-pot, was rather an event—a little like a sergeant-at-law taking his sixpennorth of buttock and flank at an eating-house in the purlieu of Westminster hall:—it would not do to be seen. Even the frequenters of the Goat and Mustard-pot would rather have resented the intrusion than have been proud of the honour, as they once nearly broke the head of a great, but eccentric, tragedian for profaning the mystery of their orgies. At this time, a good coat, or a decent hat, were voted unbearable in the back parlour; and many a wight, who has gone thither in apparel uncongenial to the general taste and practice, has, before his departure, been much better qualified to return among his brethren; but these were in days which have not, I fear, left their legitimate progeny; all looks as orderly now at the Goat and Mustard-pot, as if a new Poor-Law Commissioner had been elected 'member for Lushington,' according to the ancient ceremonies of that community—but there was no absolute necessity to incur initiation into these penetralia."

Eustace and Leslie, winding, with caution not misplaced, up a stair in one corner, guiltless of a single ray of light, being closed by doors at the top and bottom, ascended to the office. It was past one o'clock, and Mr. Hobbs was holding his levee. He was seated at a table, and before him stood a rummer, containing a fluid of the colour and transparency of water, to which, ever and anon, he applied both hands, and so brought that simple beverage, for such I trust it was, to his mouth, as if to indicate to the candidates around him that such must be their unexpensive and uninebriating luxury in the career they were commencing. As soon as it was empty, some member of this court was pretty sure to have it filled again for him, though at a

cost for pure element which one would have anticipated in so unostentatious a place; the charge being, as there phrased, 'a tanner.' On this table were placed books, and files of letters: on the walls, hung odd theatrical articles for disposal, a pair of russet boots, a sword, perchance, or a worn-out tinselled jacket, which, if of a light colour, was coveted by the aspirants to 'the Romeo,' and, if dark, was the ambition of 'the sucking Richards.' On eight or ten chairs, were seated as many ladies and gentlemen, patiently or impatiently awaiting their turn of audience. If a new-comer of any consequence arrived, he immediately walked up to Mr. Hobbs, and perhaps was admitted to the honours of a private conference—that is, Mr. Hobbs took him outside the door, and there they stood, in the dark, on the landing-place of the stairs, to confabulate.

"This privilege of the *entrées* outwards, inconvenient as the distinction must have been from the passing and repassing blindfolded up and down the stairs, while the landing-place was by no means more than enough for two—this privilege of being closeted in the passage, was the object of much envy to the occupants of the room. They knew that it required the absolute *bona fide* payment of seven-and-sixpence, as an entrance fee, to be thus selected, with a pretty sure trust in the pound 'that shall be hereafter,' covenanted to be paid when the situation should be procured.

"Various were those seated. On the entrance of Eustace and Leslie, Mr. Hobbs was giving an account of some of them to a personage opposite to him, no less a being than a manager—a manager who paid salaries, went as high as fifteen shillings a week for anything really useful. As the conversation was not in a very under-tone, our two friends were at perfect liberty to overhear it. Poor old Hobbs, though he liked his fee—as who does not, that lives by his fees—was not hard-hearted; especially when a few glasses of the cooling beverage he most delighted in, had allayed any animosity which the ingratitude of mankind—that forgetfulness of debts, sometimes attributed to the histrionic band—and other sins of that description, might have given birth to. He was really endeavouring, among five or six whom he expected to pay him, to thrust in one or two who promised to pay him when they could—which he pretty well knew would never be.

"Well, sir," said the manager, "I'll take Mrs. Limpington at fourteen—fourteen shillings a week and benefits, sir—no bad thing for her, as times go, and sixpence a night for the two children when they are wanted; she to find wardrobe for them; we don't keep a child's wardrobe—might load twenty waggons instead of one, if we were to carry everything about with us, you know."

"Certainly, certainly."

"We may as well mention it at once then," said the manager.

"Leave that to me, if you please—I perfectly understand; put down fourteen. Now you see that gentleman in the corner?"

"In the black, buttoned up—without a shirt-collar?"

"Yes." (The party indicated bore somewhat the resemblance of a half-starved methodist preacher.)

"Admirable in the light comedy. Elliston had him at Drury—wouldn't do anything for him; you managers! you can't bear to be interfered with."

"Why, I do play a little of the light comedy, myself, sometimes—the Charles Surfaces, for instance," replied the manager, who was a man not much more than five feet high, very broad, though not puffy, with a profusion of black hair streaming down into his neck, and an air that would have required a little tasteful pruning

before he could have been admitted into the swell mob.

"Ah! I'm afraid he's particular as to business," said the agent, "it would break his heart to take Charles Surface from him."

"Why, there's Sir Benjamin Backbite, in the same piece, you know."

"I'll ask him," rejoined Hobbs, "though I don't think he'll stand it: to be sure, he has been out of a situation these ten weeks, and I've got him trust here for bread and cheese, and a bed every night, else I don't know what he could have done, but I don't think he'll play Sir Benjamin Backbite; however, we can but try."

"Hobbs rose and hobbled up to the spectre in the corner. The manager called him back.

"He looks like an actor," said the manager, "nothing of the novice about him."

"A treasure in a theatre!" said the agent.

"Well—I don't mind for once—I'll go a little beyond my mark, though these are not times to do that," and he twirled an enormous bunch of seals, that his poverty might not be taken for granted. "We hardly get bread and cheese in the provinces."

"Come, come," said the agent, with the expected sly look, "we all know what the Tooting circuit is."

"Well, I'll come up to sixteen—sixteen; and I'm no further than Wandsworth now, no travelling expenses, a gentleman claps his wardrobe at the end of his stick, and there he is."

"I'll say that I can," said Hobbs, and he again approached the corner: the eyes of the light comedian brightened as he again approached him; he followed with alacrity to the offered conference behind the door. Our friends only heard the end of it. "Consider, Mr. Grimley—sixteen."

"I feel obliged, personally honoured," replied Grimley, in a sepulchral bass. "I assure Mr. Riggs that such a departure from his usual scale in my behalf is an event which I shall treasure among the brightest of my professional retrospections." This he said loud enough to be heard by the manager, upon whom it was by no means lost, for he bowed with the proud politeness of one who has it in his power to do honour to merit. "I dare say that, if I were in his place, I should like the choice of parts; and in consideration of his exceeding even his usual liberality, I would bend a little—I would give up my favourite part, though I should do it with a sigh—but not Sir Benjamin Backbite, while there is a Charles Surface in the piece. If it were understood that I could be left out—"

"Pray introduce me," said the manager.

"Mr. Riggs, Mr. Grimley, Mr. Grimley, Mr. Riggs; two gentlemen who only need to know, to esteem each other," said the agent.

"I should be most happy to meet your wishes, sir," said Riggs, "in every way consistent with the interests of my establishment. I trust I have a proper veneration for talent, whenever I meet with it, and, as I was saying to Mr. Hobbs, you bear the stamp of genius about you: no compliment, I assure you." Grimley sucked up his breath, shrugged his shoulders, and bowed lower than before.

"But you see, sir—imperious circumstances—we cannot afford more than six gentlemen, myself included, and three ladies; and it is difficult, sir, very difficult, to cast the School for Scandal respectably, to play it as it ought to be played in Tooting, even with our full force. Now, as I must be in it, why, as a manager, you know, I have not time to study fresh parts, or else, Sir Benjamin Backbite—well, it is all matter of opinion, I have known gentlemen prefer it—and then, to own the truth, I am rather a favourite in Charles."

"And so, of course, it is bespoke to the fullest houses of the season," replied Grimley, "sure to be done in the town, and I playing an inferior

part out of my line. Then, one's reputation; bills travel, you know, my dear sir."

"Oh, I could even leave your name out of the bills—put in Mr. James, Jones, Smith, anything. I'm sure, to oblige any gentleman, I'd leave his name out for a part he thought beneath him."

"Grimley smiled: 'I'm really much obliged, exceedingly flattered, but Charles Surface, my dear sir, is my pet part, it would break my heart to see anybody else go on for it—I'm sorry, very sorry; anything but that—'

"I've advanced a shilling a week on that very account."

"Very liberal, very liberal, but Charles Surface."

"Well, perhaps you'll think of it."

"The actor smiled, and withdrew once more to his corner."

"I knew he wouldn't," said Hobbs, as Riggs returned to the table.

"During this time the agent had apologized to Leslie, for being obliged so long to neglect him. His eye glistened as he received the three half-crowns from Eustace, which were to pay his first turnpike on the road to fame. He 'booked' him instantly, taking his address, at the same time saying how happy he should be to see him whenever he could call in; put down his 'line of business' as the first tragedy, and even escorted the two friends, very punctiliously, to the door on the staircase.

"Surely, all this is very absurd!" said Eustace to Leslie, as they walked away; "that poor fellow to think of playing Charles Surface; and even insist upon it rather than get a dinner—for, I suppose, upon your scale of economics, a dinner even he would have had?"

"Yes," said Leslie; "but you forget that you are just as vain as he; you prefer playing Hamlet for nothing, to getting something for playing Rosencrantz."

"Ay, but then my hopes, my ambition!"

"And do you not perceive that he has hopes and ambition? Fortunately for him, poor fellow, after all; what else should sweeten his precarious sixteen shillings a week? We must not blame the poor fellow's vanity, though we smile at it."

"What an assemblage! and what a place!" continued Eustace.

"You have seen us now very nearly at the worst—the lowest actors, out of situations; if this disgusts you, stop—for you cannot expect your disgust to end here."

The purchase of a second-hand wardrobe is equally picturesque and amusing; but we have not room for more, and can only except two or three brief examples of Mr. Serle's talent for observation, which runs through his work. Barnaby (an odd elf, with a queer wife to match) is an oracle at the village alehouse; for,

"Barnaby had always a song and always a merry tale: it is true, both had been heard till the hearers could repeat them by heart; but what of that, where a man has a monopoly? The laughs come in in the same places, and by rehearsal come with superior precision; for it is a mistake to suppose that new wit is a jot fitter for all hearers, than new bread for all digestions. Both are pleasant for those who can bear them, but with mankind in general there is much to be settled, before a really good joke is allowed to pass current."

Heroes.—"I like heroes to eat their meals comfortably, and so did Mrs. Beech, the house-keeper.—There is no reason, even though created for the entertainment of the public, that they should not have comforts of their own. Indeed, I do not see any reason why they should not be at least as regularly fed as the lions and tigers in the Zoological Gardens; and if, like those interesting animals, Eustace did very good justice—country-gentlemanly justice—to a profusion of excellent preparations, if he went rather beyond

a cold partridge, let it be remembered that he was bred in Norfolk, the land of good cheer, where the puniest may learn to fulfil that end of their being."

A rich provincial legal practitioner and his offspring are thus touched off:

"Mr. Costerville wielded thus a considerable saleable interest, which he had generally used for the candidate who paid a sufficient bribe, in the shape of an untaxed bill; but personal vanity, the most expensive as well as stultifying of all our foibles, had made him devote this valuable estate in the gullibility of his species, which he was more earnestly than ever endeavouring to enlarge, to an object even more near to him than his avarice. To sit in Parliament himself, he felt to be too great a sacrifice of health, and perhaps even of life—for he was old and unwilling to die, and he had certain intimations that late hours and town life must cost him some years, if he had so many to give, of his existence; but he had a son with an imposing exterior, considerable volubility, and that peculiar twang in speaking which is called a parliamentary tone—which means, the utter loss of the three last words of every sentence, by a run down the scale beyond the compass of the voice; and this deficiency marked him out in his father's eye, for certain distinction as a debater. The son was a Radical of the aristocratic school; that is, he was prepared to make use of all popular feelings for his own peculiar purposes, and coveted nothing so much as being the elected servant of the mob in general, that he might the more effectually show his contempt for each member of it in particular."

With another character, cleverly painted in a few strokes, we conclude. On the eve of a duel:

"Twistleton's thoughts did not utterly deprive him of sleep. He had been Fortune's football—perhaps one should rather say Folly's—too long, for the last stake, even if it were to be the last, very much to affect him. He had lost all that was worth living for—independence, character, self-esteem; and, though he would by no means have admitted this, even to himself, his feelings had the imperceptible conviction. The most uneasy sensation was the hope his new scheme afforded him. He had the fullest confidence in his skill as a marksman,—he well knew the average chances of these affairs; and if he were unlucky enough to fall, no one tender tie reminded him that any human being would be a glass of wine the duller for it. He had without surviving his friends and relations, outlived all his friendships. His family regarded him as an encumbrance, especially as their party was not in power. Had the ministry been differently constituted, his connections would have preferred his transportation in some official capacity, to the nearer disgrace of starving him here; but they had not the choice."

"The Peer, his father, having devoted all the activity of his life to plans for educating the Negroes, had never been able to find time enough to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with his son; and the unrivalled taste of his mother, in all that could adorn her saloons, kept her so constantly poor, that her son was as unwelcome to her as any other dum who might take the liberty of pressing upon her attention. His elder brother had lent him as much as might fairly get rid of him; and of the rest of his connections—the prudent were afraid of him, and those whose characters resembled his own, he had nothing to gain from. So in summing up his risks in exposing his head to a bullet, it could not be said that he had much to lose. What religion he had might be summed up in an occasional quail or two, which a little reasoning helped him to get rid of."

ANIMAL INSTINCTS AND EXAMPLES OF SAGACITY.

Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the habits of British Animals. By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S. Pp. 343. J. Van Voorst.

It is well that no one ever tires of natural history and the anecdotes and stories connected with it, and that, let ever so much be published in this way, we are always ready to be interested in any new illustrations of the universal subject. From the child of three years old to the aged of three score and ten, the curiosity attached to the observation of animal life is deeply implanted, no doubt for wise purposes, by nature; and thus it happens that there is hardly a human being who does not like to learn what others have noticed, and compare or contrast it with what has occurred to himself. Every house has its story of dog, cat, mouse, rat, fowl, pigeon, rabbit, sparrow, spider, cricket, black beetle, or other creature within the ken of the family; and every field and garden offers other objects for similar scrutiny and remark. Books of the kind before us are accordingly very popular, and it affords us satisfaction to add in the present instance that Mr. Couch has, to philosophical and scientific views, added the statement of many novel and entertaining cases of animal acts, apparently originating in intellectual powers of a higher order than is generally supposed to belong to them. Himself an experienced practical observer, he has also collected a great deal from other sources, and produced a very pleasing and instructive volume for readers of every class. He begins by tracing organized creation from the earliest rudiments and first crude tissues of the inferior, to the development of instincts (if we are so to call them) approaching to reason in the superior orders of mammalia, and he points out a number of the peculiar qualities in which even the most minute insect surpasses man; and remarkably shown in the senses of vision, smell, &c., and in the extraordinary exploits of carrier pigeons, migrating and finding the way back to places whence they have been removed, without the possibility of ascertaining any one circumstance to help to guide them on their return. We will not, however, trouble our readers with the author's reasoning on these matters, as we hope it will be more agreeable to submit to them some of the most striking facts for which he vouches, and allow them to form their own opinions and conclusions on the premises.

In some cases, it appears, the active development of an instinct becomes periodic and revives again after a more or less definite period of suspension. This he attributes to a variation of balance in the tissue or organ in progress to age, or other change, and the preponderance of the stimulus which each may exert on the others: and proceeds,

"This is remarkable in some well-known series of phenomena in the economy of birds, which have long excited admiration. One of these is the disposition to the formation of a nest, of which we shall have to speak hereafter. For the present, no reference is made to the skill employed in its structure, situation, or adaptation to use, but only to the formative impulse; which in some instances is so strong, that, when the nest is formed, instead of waiting until the egg is ready to be deposited, the building bird proceeds in the construction of others, until, at last, the further duty of using it for its peculiar object puts an end to its labours. This practice is particularly observed in the common wren (*Sylvia troglodytes*); and it has been supposed that the true reason why this diminutive architect builds more than one nest is, that it has become dissatisfied with the former edifice, or with its situation. But this supposition is incorrect, since it is known that, in a more advanced period of the season, when this parti-

cular instinctive propensity is declining, the pair will return to the forsaken nest, and employ it as originally intended.

"Another phenomenon, to which reference is now made, is the instinct of migration, which leads so many birds to seek a warmer climate one season of the year, and a colder at another. And to remove the suspicion that the migratory races are led simply by habit, or the spirit of imitation, in passing from one region to another, we have the remarkable example of the cuckoo which is destitute of one propensity so universal in other birds as to be worthy of being characterised as an essential property of the feathered races—that of forming a procreant cradle to receive their young. Those young ones, therefore, they have never seen, and consequently can never have taught the lesson, or guided in the voyage. They also depart long before them; and yet, so strong and unerring is the impulse, that this bird, in its infancy one of the stupidest of winged creatures, is invariably found to follow in the right direction.

"It is obvious, then, that animals are endowed with a variety of instinctive properties, each of which may operate singly, or many may combine in a variety of proportions, with the occasional suspension of some of their impulses."

The effects of fear are strangely potent.

"Habits illustrative of this have been observed in individuals of the common hare. If, on being first roused, it rushes off with headlong haste, it will assuredly be taken by a dog; but if the creature be seen to stop, and erect its ears, as if listening to its pursuer, its escape may be regarded as exceedingly probable. The effect of terror on the same animal is witnessed when it is pursued by the cry of a company of weasels. Their speed is greatly inferior to that of the hare; but such is the influence of the terror infused into it by an instinctive consciousness of the insidious and cruel nature of the enemy, that these ravenous creatures rarely have the trouble of a long pursuit. Instances are common in which a hare, after escaping to a considerable distance from the reach of its pursuer, has altered its course, and returned to the very seat of the peril; and if followed after with great clamour, with any very loud and unusual noise, it is sure to be thus overtaken.

"A parent weasel, with its young ones in training, has been seen in eager pursuit of a flying blackbird; and though a slight elevation in the direction of flight would have carried the bird over a hedge and out of the reach of danger, so great was its terror, that it was unable to mount so high, and consequently soon became their prey."

Among the instinctive habits to which animals resort for safety, our author mentions one which we certainly never contemplated in that light before.

"Another mode of safety (he says) exists in that which the generality of creatures is known to avoid,—the attention and gaze of the foe; and the means of escape are afforded by assuming such a terrific aspect as may confound the faculties of the pursuer, and strike him with an effectual though empty terror. The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendour to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance, rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendour is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride.

"But men are imperfect interpreters of the

actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description; and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colours resembles that of a serpent, and a rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird: but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race.

"Among the birds of our own country, the bittern (*Ardea stellaris*), the pheasant, and common cock are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection, in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant." Upon the song of birds the remarks are well put, if not quite, as they certainly are in some degree, original:

"The song of birds has ever been a theme of poetic admiration, and a subject of interest to every lover of nature; but the precise character of these sounds, with those of animals in general, and more especially the ideas which the creatures may be supposed to express in these modulations, have been little studied by naturalists.

"It is obvious to a listener that, in the utterance of song, birds are intensely occupied by their feelings; and that they are listened to by others of their race with an intelligence and earnestness which prove that they possess an understanding of the meaning of what is uttered. A thrush, blackbird, or redbreast may be seen to stretch forward the head, and direct the ear, to catch the notes which come to it from some distant songster of its own species; nor will an effort be made to return a sound, until the competitor is known to have ended his lay. In such cases, the contest is one of rivalry, and not of imitation: for the series of notes is in no case the same, nor is the beginning or ending of each portion at all taken up from one bird to another. And it is still more remarkable, that the responses proceeding from those of the same species are continued with distinctness, and without distraction, their attention never being diverted by the multiplicity of sounds that strike the ear from birds of another species, which are loudly singing close at hand. I have marked three cocks, of superior size and majesty, engaged in answering each other from distant quarters in regular succession; but when at last a host of inferior individuals were led to join their voices to the chorus, the crowing ceased in those that began it, as if disdaining to mix their voices with the puny efforts of the others,

"The sympathetic feeling which is thus known to exist between animals of the same species, and the knowledge they display of the sounds of kindred voices, to the general exclusion of others, though more musical and obtrusive, besides the daily experience we have of it in birds, is also witnessed in the uproar produced among dogs if one begins to bark in alarm. In the jackal, so lively is this impression, and so powerful the impulse on all within hearing, that we are told when a multitude of them are abroad in pursuit of prey—where silence is requisite to escape danger and ensure success—if one of them utters the well-known note, even those whose safety is betrayed by its utterance are unable to resist the desire to unite their voices to the general cry.

"How large a share of the spirit of contention for supremacy in musical strength and duration is engaged in such competitions, will appear from the methods employed to urge a pair of canaries to vie with each other. The scraping of a pan, or the noise of a crying child, excites them to exertion, or revives it when it begins to droop; and how much passion is contained in these modulations may be learned from the tale of the nightingale who entered into competition with the instrument of the musician, and fell exhausted at the foot of the player. A friend informs me:—'I remember an eccentric barber living at the corner of the gateway of the White-horse Cellar, Fetter-lane, who was very successful in breeding and rearing nightingales, hung up all round his shop in cages. He could set them singing at any time, late or early, by simply turning the cock of the cistern in the corner of the shop, and letting the water fall into a pewter basin.'

His name was Leadbetter, and he was a native of Tweedside: his shop was one curiosity from man to bird; and it is worth notice that there exists a singular sympathy between Town barbers and singing birds, of which Dickens, by the bye, has made an excellent use in one of his characters drawn from the life; an individual illustrating this class, and involving for ever the ideas of yellow soap and canaries, shaving and singing together!

Speaking on the copious topic of migratory birds, Mr. C. observes:

"It is somewhat remarkable that, with such undoubted courage and strong powers of flight, the swallow seems to feel a degree of hesitation in venturing on the passage of the Channel, and will keep along the coast, for a considerable distance, before it will adventure over the expanse. And this is the more surprising, since we know that the wheatear (*Sylvia Enanthe*), various species of willow wren, and even the little goldcrest (*Sylvia regulus*), are able to cross in safety. But the greater distance of the autumnal flight of the swallow, and the habits of flight of these families, may afford an explanation of the singularity.

"The shorter-winged birds are seen to hurry along from one margin of the sea to the other, with no more effort than is absolutely required to enable them to cross in safety. But the mode of flight of the swallow tribe is in circles; and they seem less careful in arranging the time, manner, and distance of departure: so that the journey becomes extended much beyond its natural limits. I have seen a troop of martins, which may have been baffled by contrary winds, approach the shore from the sea, late in autumn, in such an exhausted condition, that they were compelled to alight on the sills of windows, where it would have been easy to have taken them with the hand."

The following are other extracts relating to migration and various phenomena which will be perused with interest:

"Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in

its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction, and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as the wheatear and dipper, to be taken from their nests, and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must have been lost; and yet, on being set free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which has been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours has been seen scraping for grain on her old dunghill.

"The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate, or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish at considerable depths in the sea, display, in their motions and appetite, sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature, or moisture, is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon."

Pigs are indeed very sagacious. A friend of ours, riding across the country, was surprised to meet an unusual number of them, and all proceeding in one direction. He looked in vain for their drivers; but drivers there were none. The whole was pig volition which he could not understand. On his return in the evening, however, the mystery was explained. A mill at the distance of several miles had been blown down, and vast quantities of grain scattered about in every direction. How the pigs had been made acquainted with the accident none could tell; but every grunter of them found his way to the feast as if he had been invited by post or special messenger!!

But we come to other instincts, which we reserve for another *Gazette*.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

Thoughts on the Poets. By H. T. Tuckerman. 12mo. pp. 318. New York, Francis and Co.; Boston, Francis.

THIS volume does credit to the critical taste and imaginative faculties of the author, who passes in review the works of between twenty and thirty of our more modern poets, quotes them, points out their beauties, and estimates their qualities, in an enthusiastic spirit congenial to his subjects, and yet not so unchecked as to mislead him into indiscriminating admiration. He displays taste and judgment, in fact, as well as fancy and feeling; and though verging generally towards praise, is not blind to the claims of criticism; and is it not better, as well as more just, to be somewhat gentle in your visitings, and rather lavish than otherwise of encomium and encouragement, than to suppose that the critic's

true office consists in detecting microscopic blemishes, magnifying them, and parading your superior talent in ill-natured carping and dogmatic abuse? Be assured that censure is not only the easiest but the worst species of inquisition: any fool can find faults, but it requires a competent person to point out merits, and institute faithful comparisons.

In performing his pleasing task Mr. Tuckerman has shown that he possessed this power; and he has made a volume of a very agreeable nature, studded with poetical quotations in support of his opinions, which impart much of interest and brilliancy to the whole composition. We do not think we can more clearly illustrate this than by selecting his opening remarks on the Poet Laureate:

"In an intellectual history of our age, the bard of Rydal Mount must occupy a prominent place. His name is so intimately associated with the poetical criticisms of the period, that, even if his productions are hereafter neglected, he cannot wholly escape consideration. The mere facts of his life will preserve his memory. It will not be forgotten that one among the men of acknowledged genius in England, during a period of great political excitement, and when society accorded to literary success the highest honours, should voluntarily remain secluded amid the mountains, the uncompromising advocate of a theory, from time to time sending forth his effusions, as uncoloured by the poetic taste of the time as statues from an isolated quarry. It has been the fortune of Wordsworth, like many original characters, to be almost wholly regarded from the two extremes of prejudice and admiration. The eclectic spirit, which is so appropriate to the criticism of art, has seldom swayed his commentators. It has scarcely been admitted, that his works may please to a certain extent, and in particular traits, and in other respects prove wholly ungenial. Whoever recognises his beauties is held responsible for his system; and those who have stated his defects, have been unfairly ranked with the insensible and unreasonable reviewers who so fiercely assailed him at the outset of his career. There is a medium ground, from which we can survey the subject to more advantage. From this point of observation, it is easy to perceive that there is reason on both sides of the question. It was natural and just that the lovers of poetry, reared in the school of Shakspeare, should be repelled at the outset by a new minstrel, whose prelude was an argument. It was like being detained at the door of a cathedral by a dull *cicerone*, who, before granting admittance, must needs deliver a long homily on the grandeur of the interior, and explain away its deficiencies. 'Let us enter,' we impatiently exclaim: 'if the building is truly grand, its sublimity needs no expositor; if it is otherwise, no reasoning will render it impressive.' The idea of adopting for poetical objects 'the real language of men, when in a vivid state of sensation,' was, indeed, as Coleridge observes, never strictly attempted; but there was something so deliberate, and even cold, in Wordsworth's first appeal, that we cannot wonder it was unattractive. Byron and Burns needed no introduction. The earnestness of their manner secured instant attention. Their principles and purposes were matters of after-thought. Whoever is even superficially acquainted with human nature, must have prophesied a doubtful reception to a bard, who begins by calmly stating his reasons for considering prose and verse identical, his wish to acculate certain truths which he deemed neglected, and the several considerations which induced him to adopt rhyme for the purpose. Nor is this feeling wholly unworthy of respect, even admitting, with Wordsworth, that mere popularity is no evidence of the genuineness of poetry. Minds of poetical sensibility are accus-

tomed to regard the true poet as so far inspired by his experience, as to write from a spontaneous enthusiasm. They regard verse as his natural element—the most congenial form of expression. They imagine he can scarcely account wholly to himself, far less to others, for his diction and imagery,—any farther than they are the result of emotion too intense and absorbing to admit of any conscious or relative process. Even if 'poetry takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity,' it must be of that earnest and tender kind, which is only occasionally experienced. Trust, therefore, was not readily accorded a writer who scarcely seemed enamoured of his Art, and presented a theory in prose to win the judgment, instead of first taking captive the heart by the music of his lyre. Nor is this the only just cause of Wordsworth's early want of appreciation. He has not only written too much from pure reflection, but the quantity of his verse is wholly out of proportion to its quality. He has too often written for the mere sake of writing. The mine he opened may be inexhaustible, but to him it is not given to bring to light all its treasures. His characteristics are not universal. His power is not unlimited. On the contrary, his points of peculiar excellence, though rare, are comparatively few. He has endeavoured to extend his range beyond its natural bounds. In a word, he has written too much, and too indiscriminately. It is to be feared that habit has made the work of versifying necessary, and he has too often resorted to it merely as an occupation. Poetry is too sacred to be thus mechanically pursued. The true bard seizes only genial periods, and inciting themes. He consecrates only his better moments to 'the divinest of arts.' He feels that there is a correspondence between certain subjects and his individual genius, and to these he conscientiously devotes his powers. Wordsworth seems to have acted on a different principle. It is obvious to a discerning reader that his muse is frequently whipped into service. He is too often content to indite a series of common-place thoughts, and memorialize topics which have apparently awakened in his mind only a formal interest. It sometimes seems as if he had taken up the business of a bard, and felt bound to fulfil its functions. His political opinions, his historical reading, almost every event of personal experience, must be chronicled, in the form of a sonnet or blank verse. The language may be chaste, the sentiment unexceptionable, the moral excellent, and yet there may be no poetry, and perhaps the idea has been often better expressed in prose. Even the admirers of Wordsworth are compelled, therefore, to acknowledge, that with all his unrivalled excellences, he has written too many

"Such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly slow."

Occasional felicities of style do not atone for such frequent desecration of the muse. We could forgive them in a less-gifted minstrel; but with one of Wordsworth's genius it is more difficult to compromise. The number of his indifferent attempts shade the splendour of his real merit. The poems protected by his fame, which are uninspired by his genius, have done much to blind a large class of readers to his intrinsic worth. Another circumstance has contributed to the same result. His redeeming graces often, from excess, become blemishes. In avoiding the tinsel of a meretricious style, he sometimes degenerates into positive homeliness. In rejecting profuse ornament, he often presents his conceptions in so bald a manner as to prove utterly unattractive. His simplicity is not unfrequently childish, his calmness stagnation, his pathos puerility. And these impressions, in some instances, have been allowed to outweigh those which his more genuine qualities inspire. For

when we reverse the picture, Wordsworth presents claims to grateful admiration, second to no poet of the age; and no susceptible and observing mind can study his writings without yielding him at least this cordial acknowledgment.

"It is not easy to estimate the happy influence Wordsworth has exerted upon poetical taste and practice, by the example he has given of a more simple and artless style. Like the sculptors who lead their pupils to the anatomy of the human frame, and the painters who introduced the practice of drawing from the human figure, Wordsworth opposed to the artificial and declamatory, the clear and natural in diction. He exhibited, as it were, a new source of the elements of expression. He endeavoured, and with singular success, to revive a taste for less exciting poetry. He boldly tried the experiment of introducing plain viands, at a banquet garnished with all the art of gastronomy. He offered to substitute crystal water for ruddy wine, and invited those accustomed only to 'a sound of revelry by night,' to go forth and breathe the air of mountains, and gaze into the mirror of peaceful lakes. He aimed to persuade men that they could be 'moved by gentler excitements' than those of luxury and violence. He essayed to calm their beating hearts, to cool their fevered blood, to lead them gently back to the fountains that 'go softly.' He bade them repose their throbbing brows upon the lap of Nature. He quietly advocated the peace of rural solitude, the pleasure of evening walks among the hills, as more salutary than more ostentatious amusements. The lesson was suited to the period. It came forth from the retirement of Nature as quietly as a zephyr; but it was not lost in the hum of the world. Insensibly it mingled with the noisy strife, and subdued it to a sweeter murmur. It fell upon the heart of youth, and its passions grew calmer. It imparted a more harmonious tone to the meditations of the poet. It tempered the aspect of life to many an eager spirit, and gradually weaned the thoughtful from the encroachments of false taste and conventional habits. To a commercial people it portrayed the attractiveness of tranquillity. Before an unhealthy and flashy literature, it set up a standard of truthfulness and simplicity. In an age of mechanical triumph, it celebrated the majestic resources of the universe.

"To this calm voice from the mountains, none could listen without advantage. What though its tones were sometimes monotonous—they were hopeful and serene. To listen exclusively, might indeed prove wearisome; but in some placid moments those mild echoes could not but bring good cheer. In the turmoil of cities, they refreshed from contrast; among the green fields, they inclined the mind to recognize blessings to which it is often insensible. There were ministers to the passions, and apostles of learning, sufficient for the exigencies of the times. Such an age could well suffer one preacher of the simple, the natural, and the true; one advocate of a wisdom not born of books, of a pleasure not obtainable from society, of a satisfaction undervived from outward activity. And such a prophet proved William Wordsworth.

"Sensibility to Nature is characteristic of poets in general. Wordsworth's feelings in this regard have the character of affection. He does not break out into ardent apostrophes like that of Byron addressed to the Ocean, or Coleridge's Hymn at Chamouni; but his verse breathes a constant and serene devotion to all the charms of natural scenery—from the mountain-range that bounds the horizon, to the daisy beside his path:

"If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee I turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn,
A lowlier pleasure;

He does not scenes of as to live mosphere justly call a lover in pected de rural bea but rather ment of "It is that he lo ling seld soothin, mind by verdure, almost in have his have ten to the da the good rake, wit bility, of upon hu native el to assert rude and the inte as such, simply to peelfess a beggar whose f operation remorse of humb he delig in so do his kin portrait self-resp Have no ter aspe not thud man? Rydal f in a mo the low of that was hee not me Sutor man! stripes, the roy thou m brothe in my eyes? "Th intima peace, period ively when luxury desire leave faint a ren, the seren solace its mo dew f bard depl him."

The homelier sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds,
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.'

He does not seem so much to resort to the quiet scenes of the country for occasional recreation, as to live and breathe only in their tranquil atmosphere. His interest in the universe has been justly called personal. It is not the passion of a lover in the dawn of his bliss, nor the unexpected delight of a metropolitan, to whose sense rural beauty is arrayed in the charms of novelty; but rather the settled, familiar, and deep attachment of a friend.

'It is the common and universal in Nature that he loves to celebrate. The rare and startling seldom find a place in his verse. That calm, soothing, habitual language, addressed to the mind by the common air and sky, the ordinary verdure, the field-flower, and the sunset, is the almost invariable theme of his song. And herein have his labours proved chiefly valuable. They have tended to make us more reverent listeners to the daily voices of earth, to make us realize the goodness of our common heritage, and partake, with a more conscious and grateful sensibility, of the beautiful around us.

'In the same spirit has Wordsworth looked upon human life and history. To lay bare the native elements of character in its simplest form, to assert the essential dignity of life in its most rude and common manifestations, to vindicate the interest which belongs to human beings, as such, have been the darling objects of his simply thoughts. Instead of Corsairs and Laras, peerless ladies, and perfect knights, a waggoner, a beggar, a potter, a pedlar, are the characters of whose feelings and experience he sings. The operations of industry, bereavement, temptation, remorse, and local influences upon these children of humble toil, have furnished problems which he delighted to solve. And who shall say that in so doing, he has not been of signal service to his kind? Who shall say that through such portraits a wider and truer sympathy, a more vivid sense of human brotherhood, a more just self-respect, has not been extensively awakened? Have not our eyes been thus opened to the bitter aspects of ignorance and poverty? Have we not thus been made to feel the true claims of man? Allured by the gentle monitions from Rydal Mount, do we not now look upon our race in a more meek and susceptible mood, and pass the lowliest being beside the highway, with more of that new sentiment of respect and hope which was heralded by the star of Bethlehem? Can we not more sincerely exclaim, with the hero of *Sartor Resartus*: 'Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried, beaten with many stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou wear the royal mantle or the beggar's gaberdine, art thou not so weary, so heavy laden? Oh! my brother, my brother! why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thine eyes?'

'This calm and holy musing, this deep and intimate communion with Nature, this spirit of peace, should sometimes visit us. There are periods when passionate poetry wearies, and a lively measure is discordant. There are times when we are calmed and softened, and it is a luxury to pause and forget the promptings of desire and the cares of life; when it is a relief to leave the crowd and wander into solitude; when, faint and disappointed, we seek, like tired children, the neglected bosom of Nature, and in the serenity of her maternal smile, find rest and solace. Such moments redeem existence from its monotony, and refresh the human heart with dew from the urns of Peace. Then it is that the bard of Rydal Mount is like a brother, and we deeply feel that it is good for us to have known him.'

THE RIVER AMAZON.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

AFTER a description of the "blowing cane" we come to the products of the country of the Amazon.

"But the most curious and the most formidable weapon is the blowing cane. This is eight or ten feet in length, two inches in diameter at the larger end, and gradually tapering to less than an inch at the other extremity. It is usually formed by two grooved pieces of wood, fastened together by a winding of rattan and carefully pitched. The bore is less than half an inch in diameter. The arrow for this cane is a splint of a palm one foot in length, sharpened at one end to a delicate point, and at the other wound with the silky tree-cotton to the size of the tube. The point of this is dipped in poison and slightly cut around, that, when striking an object, it may break by its own weight, leaving the point in the wound.

"With this instrument, an Indian will by the mere force of his breath shoot with the precision of a rifle, hitting an object at a distance of several rods. Our Gentio Pedro never used any other weapon; and we saw him one day shoot at a turkey-buzzard upon a house-top at a distance of about eight rods. The arrow struck fairly in the breast, the bird flew over the house and fell dead. Senhor Henriquez assured us that an Indian formerly in his employ, at one time and another had brought in seven harpy eagles thus shot.

"The accounts we received of the composition of this poison were not very explicit, and amounted principally to this:—that it was made by the Indians at the head waters of the Rio Branco from the sap of some unknown tree; that it was used universally by the tribes of Northern Brazil in killing game, being equally efficacious against small birds and large animals; that the antidotes to its effect were sugar and salt applied externally and internally. It comes in small earthen pots, each holding about a gill, and is hard and black, resembling pitch. It readily dissolves in water, and is then of a reddish-brown colour. Taken into the stomach it produces no ill effects. We brought home several pots of this poison, and, by experiments under the superintendence of Dr. Trudeau, fully satisfied ourselves of its efficacy. The subjects were a sheep, a rabbit, and chickens. The latter, after the introduction of one or two drops of the liquid poison into a slight wound in the breast or neck, were instantly affected, and in from two to three minutes were wholly paralyzed, although more than ten minutes elapsed before they were dead. The rabbit was poisoned in the fore shoulder and died in the same manner, being seized with spasms and wholly paralyzed in eight minutes. The effect upon the sheep was more speedy, as the poison was applied to a severed vein of the neck.

"The quantity of balsam copaiva brought down is prodigious. There were lying upon the beach at Barra two hollowed logs in which balsam had been floated down from above. One had contained twenty-five hundred, and the other sixteen hundred gallons. They had been filled and carefully sealed over; and in this way had arrived without loss, whereas in jars the leakage and breakage would have been considerable. At Barra the balsam is transferred to jars and shipped to the city. There much of it is bought up by the Jews, who adulterate it with other gums and sell it to the exporters. It is then put up in barrels, or in tin or earthen vessels, according to the market for which it is intended.

"The tree grows in the vicinity of Barra, and we were very desirous of obtaining at least some leaves, but delay of one day after another at last made it impossible. The tree is of large size,

and is tapped by a deep incision, often to the heart. In this latter case the yield is greater, but the tree dies. The average yield is from five to ten gallons.

"Sarsaparilla is another great article of production. It is found throughout the province; and when collected and carefully preserved is packed in so rascally a manner as to destroy its own market. We saw some that was cultivated in a garden, and its large size and increased strength showed clearly enough that, by proper care, the salsa of Pará might compete with the best in any market. It is a favourite remedy in the country; and when fresh, an infusion of it sweetened with sugar forms an agreeable drink.

"Quinia grows also pretty universally. Happily for intermittent fevers, opportunities rarely occur of testing its qualities. We never encountered but one case of this fever, which we were enabled to relieve by a single dose from our medicine-box.

"Vanilla grows everywhere, and might by cultivation be elevated into a valuable product.

"Tonga beans are brought to Barra from the forest.

"Indigo of superior quality is raised in sufficient quantities for home consumption, and might be to any extent.

"Not far from Barra is obtained the nut of which guaraná is made, which article is extensively consumed throughout the greater part of Brazil in the form of a drink. The plant is said to produce a nut shaped somewhat like a cherry, and this is roasted, pounded fine, and formed into balls. A teaspoonful grated into a tumbler of water forms a pleasant beverage; but when drunk to excess, as is generally the case, its narcotic effects greatly injure the system. The grater, used for this and other purposes, is the rough tongue-bone of one of the large river-fish.

"There is another fruit, called pixiri, considered as an admirable substitute for nutmeg. It is covered with a slight skin, and when this is removed falls into hemispherical pieces. Its flavour is rather more like sassafras than nutmeg.

"Seringa-trees abound upon the Amazon, probably to its head-waters. The demand for the gum has not yet been felt at Barra, where it is only used for medicinal purposes, being applied, when fresh, to inflammations. But when it is wanted, enough can be forthcoming to coat the civilized world.

"The sumaumeira-tree, which yields a long-stapled, silky, white cotton, grows upon the banks of the Rio Negro in great abundance, and could probably be made of service, were it once known to the cotton-weaving communities. It is excessively light, flying like down; but the Indians make beautiful fabrics of it.

"Another article which might be made of inestimable value to the country is salt. Upon the Huallaca, and perhaps other tributaries, are hills of this mineral in the rock, and so favourably situated as to fall, when chipped off, directly upon the rafts of the Indians who collect it, and bring it as far down as Ega. It sometimes finds its way to Barra, and we were fortunate in obtaining a piece weighing nearly one hundred pounds. It is of a pinkish colour, and is impregnated with some foreign substance that needs to be removed. Some enterprising Yankee will make his fortune by it yet. All the salt now used, throughout an area of one million square miles, is imported from Lisbon, and at an enormous expense.

"At about ten o'clock we reached the place where in ascending we had seen a few herons' nests. Now the trees along the shore were white with the birds; and a boat moored to the bank indicated that some persons were collecting eggs. Taking one of the men with the montaria, leaving the galliots to float with the current, we started for the spot. The trees were of the loftiest height, and in every fork of the branches

where a nest could be formed sat the female birds, some with their long plumes hanging down like the first curving of a tiny cascade; others in the ragged plumage of the moulting season. The male birds were scattered over the tree-tops, some hoarsely talking to their mates, others busily engaged in dressing their snowy robes, and others quietly dozing. The loud clamour of their mingled voices so deafened us, that we were obliged to speak to each other in screams. The report of the gun made no impression upon the thousands around, and the marked bird fell unnoticed. Many of the trees were half denuded of their bark by the animals who had climbed up, and the tracks of tigers, large and small, exposed the marauders. We shot an iguana which was sucking the eggs from a nest, and the Indians whom we found assured us that they had seen large snakes in the trees on like errands. Dead birds strewn the ground, some partly devoured, and others nothing but skeletons upon which the swarms of ants had feasted. Soiled plumes were in profusion, but ruined beyond redemption, and we did not care to gather them. There was to be seen but one pair of the great blue herons, the rest were all the great white herons, *A. alba*. We shot about a dozen of these in fullest plumage, and prepared to hasten after our boat. There were two men collecting eggs, but, owing to the size and loftiness of the trees, and the multitudes of stinging ants which infested them, they had made but little progress. They had ascended but one tree, and with a bag and string had let down thirty-four eggs, which we bought for twelve cents. They were blue, and the size of small hens' eggs.

Having thus let our readers taste the quality of Mr. Edwards' matter and style, we conclude with one extract more:

"We were amused by the manner of feeding the young scarlet ibises. In the throat of the old female bird, directly at the base of the lower mandible, is an enlargement of the skin, forming a pouch, which is capable of containing about the bulk of a small hen's egg. She would return from fishing on the shallows, with this pouch distended by tiny fish, and allowed her young to pick them out with their bills.

"It was late when the tide turned, and we hastened away with the canoe loaded to overflowing. The birds now seemed collecting for the night. Squads of bright-coloured ones were returning from the shore, and old and young were settling on the canes over the water like swallows in August. An alligator gave us an opportunity for a last shot, and the air was black with the clouds of birds that arose, shrieking and crying. I never conceived the idea of a cloud of birds before.

"On our way down we discovered the nest of a socco, the tiger bittern, close by the water. The old bird observed our motions for an ascent with indifference, when, up through the feathers of her wing, peered the long neck of a little fellow, intimating that we might as well be off if it was of eggs we were greedy.

"Soon after we had arrived at the spot which we had marked in the morning, where an alligator had made her nest, and, *sans cérémonie*, proceeded to rifle it of its riches. The nest was a pile of leaves and rubbish, nearly three feet in height, and about four in diameter, resembling a cock of hay. We could not imagine how or where the animal had collected such a heap, but so it was; and deep down, very near the surface of the ground, from an even bed, came forth egg after egg, until forty-five had tolerably filled our basket. We kept a good look-out that the old one did not surprise us in our burglary, having read divers authentic tales of the watchful assiduity of the mother. But nothing appeared to alarm us, and we concluded that, like others of the lizard family, alligators are merely anxious

to make their nests, and trust to the fermenting heat and to Providence for hatching and providing for their brood of monsters. These eggs are four inches in length, and oblong; being covered with a crust rather than a shell. They are eaten, and our friends at the house would have persuaded us to test the virtues of an alligator omelette, but we respectfully declined, deeming our reputations sufficiently secured by breakfast on the beast itself.

"Ave Maria had sounded when we reached Jungel, and the satisfaction we felt at the close of this, the greatest day's sporting we had ever known, amply compensated for all our fatigue."

Cold and Consumption, &c. By Henry C. Deshon. 8vo. Pp. 153. London: Renshaw.

As we write for the instruction as well as for the amusement of our readers, we have to call their attention to a volume of *vital importance* in this our "cold-catching" nation.

Dr. Deshon's book is clear and original, and has already attracted the attention and approbation of some of the high names in Medicine, among whom the warm and enervating treatment of consumption is on the wane.

He very properly stands on his own experience: and the cases he records of his own, restored from apparently hopeless decline, to comparative health, simply by a more bracing treatment, colder air, and sound medicinal exposition, are calculated to rouse attention in the duller readers.

Life of Zamba, a Negro Slave. Pp. 258. Smith, Elder, and Co.

MASTER ZAMBA was, according to this his autobiography corrected and arranged by Peter Neilson, an African king. He was kidnapped and sold for a slave into Carolina, where he endured all the miseries which are described when appeals for the abolition of slavery are eloquently set forth at Exeter Hall. It is in short a moving tale in the cause of abolition, made up of materials unfortunately too often real.

Observations on the application of Human Labour, &c. By a Field Officer. Pp. 58. Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edin., Bell and Bradfute.

WRITTEN in a very indifferent style, the experience of the writer, acquired by long observation and important employment in various parts of the globe, enables him to speak authoritatively upon the great national questions in regard to the best and most profitable application of human labour when employed on reproductive industry. Together with many shrewd and comprehensive remarks, though ill arranged and mingled with matters not much in point, his chief recommendations seem to be,—wise colonization, the introduction of Tussac grass from the Falkland Isles for the feeding of cattle, and the extensive use of a compost of peat moss and animal dung as a fertilizing manure for land now lying waste and uncultivated.

The Confessions of a Pencil Case. Written by Himself. J. J. Reynolds. Pp. 221. Boone.

THE idea is better than the execution of this slight little book, which sketches a few common characters and circumstances of an ordinary nature, in an easy, though not very impressive, manner. As a question of arithmetic, we would ask the writer how he could make out a majority of three where eighteen persons divided upon the question?

The Intellectual Family: a Tale. By Emma Ackfield. Pp. 70. Colchester, Brackett; London, Simpkin and Co.

Cui bono? We cannot tell. We can discover neither intellect nor object in the *Intellectual Family*, which must be a very young production.

Phillipsland. By J. D. Lang, D.D. 12mo. pp. 447. Longmans.

Cooksland. By the same. Pp. 496.

DR. LANG is senior member of the Presbyterian Church, and member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, and has enjoyed every opportunity to collect the most ample information respecting these two divisions of Australia; Phillipsland being the name he wishes to affix to the territory hitherto called Port Phillip, and Cooksland to that which he argues has been absurdly denominated South Australia. The former he describes as highly eligible for emigration, and the latter as destined to be the future cotton-field of Great Britain. As we believe we have often trodden all the leading grounds so fully and minutely discussed by the author, and as from his intelligence we would rather refer to his opinions than attempt to quote and comment upon them—for so doing could not satisfy readers most interested in the subject—we shall content ourselves with observing that he seems to be a strong-minded man, and that he has exhausted every view of the country in all its internal and external relations, present condition, and future prospects, in a manner which can leave little farther to be inquired into, though there may be grounds on which some of his contemporaries may not assent altogether to his conclusions. It is enough to state that his volumes are full of the useful and practical, both for the inhabitants of Australia and intending emigrants.

Lectures on the English Poets. 8vo. Pp. 132. London, G. Earle.

A RAPID, and, for the subject, a meagre sketch of our poets, from Chaucer to the present day. It is divided into four periods, and may be deemed rather a sort of catalogue than a criticism. Burns is spoken of as a native of Argyleshire, instead of Ayrshire; but this is, perhaps, a mere typographical error, like others, such as "paradoxies," &c., &c.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE GREAT TELESCOPE AT CAMBRIDGE.*

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to make known the result of an evening's opportunity which, on the 15th instant, it was my rich privilege to enjoy, in the examination of various celestial objects with the gigantic Equatorial Telescope recently erected in the new Observatory at Cambridge.

The pier on which it rests is of masonry, consisting of blocks of granite. It is a frustum of a cone, 20 feet in diameter at its base, and 10 at its top, and about forty feet in height; its base, however, is 20 feet below the surface of the ground. On its flat and level top is placed the pedestal, to which the telescope is attached. It is a huge block of granite, 13 tons in weight, handsomely wrought, and of a construction adapted to the equatorial apparatus, consisting of ponderous masses of brass, and weighing, with the tube, certainly not less than four tons; and yet, so ingeniously and perfectly is friction evaded, that the merest child can give it motion, and direct it to any point in the heavens.

The object-glass of the instrument is 15 inches in diameter, in the clear; its focal length is 23 feet, and the length of the instrument, including the sliding tube, about 24 feet.

That the reader may not deceive himself by comparing these dimensions with those of the telescope constructed by Sir William Herschel, or the greater one more recently made by Lord Rosse, he may be reminded that these are reflecting telescopes, with metallic mirrors; and for equal duty, with the exception of what is termed space-penetrating power, must greatly

* To the Editor of the *Newmarket Inquirer*.—*Montreal Pilot*, August 5th.

exceed in size. Suffice it to say, then, that the telescope at Cambridge is of the refracting kind, its optical duties being performed by lenses; and to obtain a lens of 15 inches in diameter, of a sufficient purity to represent the object in perfect shape and colour, under high magnifying powers, is an art of inconceivable difficulty, and at present, I believe, has never been successfully accomplished by any other establishment than the one in which this telescope was manufactured. The secret was imparted by the lamented Fraunhofer, and so fearfully tenacious are they of the minutiae of the movements, that it is said they are unwilling to use any other poker to stir the melted mass, than that which was employed by that illustrious man. No larger refracting telescope has ever been in successful operation in the world.

It is of corresponding size with the boasted instrument at the Imperial Observatory at Pulkova, manufactured at the same establishment; but the Cambridge lens is warranted to be as good, and by the maker believed to be better. This was also the opinion of Simms, the celebrated manufacturer of England, who was employed to inspect the lenses, side by side. The immense labour necessary in mounting and adjusting an instrument of this construction and magnitude, without previous practice or experience, was greatly diminished by those preparations which the skill and ingenuity of the Director (Mr. Bond) enabled him to effect, while the instrument and its various equipments were in Germany; but the period since its arrival has not yet been sufficient to render the adjustment perfect, nor is it at present pretended to be fully prepared for use.

To counteract the apparent diurnal motion of the celestial objects, which is continually throwing them out of the field of ordinary telescopes, (a great annoyance, especially when high powers are employed,) a clock-work is attached to the equatorial axis, so constructed as to give to the instrument a quiet and steady sidereal motion, contrary to the motion of the earth, and which, by a slight modification, may be applied to the solar and lunar motion; but it is generally sufficient when adjusted to a star. The effect of this arrangement is to keep the object for several hours constantly in the centre of the field of view.

The night of the 15th was by no means a favourable one. With the exception of scattering cirri, it was cloudless; but the atmosphere was smoky, as it had been for the previous fortnight. The first object to which, at my request, the telescope was directed, was the planet Venus, invisible to the naked eye, it being yet day-light. The instrument was, however, adjusted to the Right Ascension and Declination of the planet, and the clock-work set in motion, when the object made its appearance in the centre of the field, and, although veiled by smoke and obscured by day-light, it met the eye with a glare. What will be the effect of a view of this planet, in the absence of twilight, in a clear autumnal evening, can only be imagined. The planet was only fourteen degrees from the horizon. The intervening dense atmosphere of the earth, the mist, and vapour always existing so near its surface, all magnified by the instrument, were not sufficient to prevent a rich display of its disc, half illuminated, and much resembling the moon at the quarter, except a dusky hue, which I attributed to the dense atmosphere of the planet. The view exceeded any idea that I had entertained of the performance of the instrument; but our opportunity was abridged by the necessity of catching a glimpse at the moon, still nearer the horizon, and already veiling herself in cirri.

The first object on the lunar surface that met my eye was the yawning gulf, Endymion, wide, deep, and dark; the line of illumination leaped from side to side, leaving a frightful gap between.

The mountains generally stood out in bold relief, casting shadows black as midnight: indeed, the entire length of the line dividing the light from the dark hemisphere, exhibited a mass of ruin of unspeakable magnificence. The clock-work was hardly adjusted when the moon set. Notwithstanding the brevity of the opportunity and the obscurity of the moon, I satisfied myself of the grey light spoken of by Schroeter, indicating a twilight only compatible with the existence of a lunar atmosphere: a far more favourable opportunity is probably near at hand, and this mooted question will be set at rest.

At a later period of the evening our attention was directed to test objects. On the previous evening, the double star, Gamma Corone, had been well separated with a power of 720. The mere separation of this star is thought to have been the highest attainment of Professor Struve, with the imperial instrument; but it was divided by the Cambridge instrument without effort. This star was examined in 1832, by Sir John Herschel, with his twenty feet Reflector, when he only saw a round disc, without a companion.

The point of the faint light also, near Alpha Capricorni, which President Smythe says long baffled his researches, was boldly exhibited by the Cambridge instrument. Sir John Herschel was led to suppose that this object was seen by reflected light,—a field of investigation which will not be likely to escape the attention of the Cambridge observers.

The companion of Antares, though obscured by haze and smoke, was very conspicuous. Sir John Herschel, while at the Cape of Good Hope, could not have missed it for a moment, if he had turned his telescope upon it, inasmuch as it may be detected under favourable circumstances in this latitude, by a five feet Equatorial.

The telescope was now directed to the close double star, Eta Corone. Close indeed it has been of late years, having set at defiance most of the telescopes in the world. It was at one time a test object for telescopes, but it has recently been closed. It nevertheless yielded to our power at once, and the dark thread which separated it, could not have measured more than one-third of a second.

The instrument was next adjusted to the annular nebula between Beta and Gamma, in the constellation of the Lyre, and the clock-work being applied, an opportunity was afforded me, which I have often craved, for a deliberate survey of an object, which, with smaller and less powerful instruments, had deeply interested me. With ordinary instruments, it appears to be a ring or wreath of stars, being entirely vacant in the centre, and not unlike what we might suppose to be the appearance of the Milky Way, viewed as a whole at an immense distance. Seen through the Cambridge telescope, it is no longer a ring, its centre is no longer dark, but filled with a multitude of small, faint stars. Lord Rosse's powerful Reflector represented the interior as nebulous, a circumstance of which I was not aware when at Cambridge, and hence did not speak of its resolvability, but I am quite sure the individual stars, though faint, were distinctly seen.

The double star, 61 Cygni, now engaged our attention; thus honoured, only on account of the rank it holds in the history of science, being memorable for the researches of Bessel, to whom it revealed its parallax. I was struck, however, with the small, neat, round disc of the individual stars, giving additional evidence to that already obtained from their annual motion, that distant as they may be, by our means and modes of measurement, these bodies are comparatively near.

Search was now made for the double-headed shot or dumb-bell nebula, as it is called, situated

in the Fox's breast. The instrument was set to its position, and it appeared in the field. The Director had scarcely applied his eye to the telescope, before he expressed the opinion that the nebula was resolved. The assistant observer was then called upon to examine it, and repeatedly said, "it is resolved." I then applied my own eye, and found it to consist of closely packed but of individual stars. I am thus minute, because this has been uniformly numbered among the irresolvable nebulae. It was first discovered by Messier, many years since, and described by him as an oval nebula without a star. The Earl of Rosse, as we are informed by the President of the Astronomical Society of London, applied his powerful Reflector to this object, and went so far as to say, that "it exhibited symptoms of resolvability;" but he did not resolve it; nor am I aware that it has ever before yielded to the power of the telescope.

The next object of scrutiny was the delightful cluster in Hercules. This was a sort of dessert to the entertainment—the sweetmeat of the feast. Well might Prof. Nichol say, that "no plate can give a fitting representation of it," and well might he add, that "no one ever saw it for the first time through a telescope, without uttering a shout of wonder;" but I am sure that if the Professor were once to see it himself through the Cambridge instrument, his astonishment would be unutterable. No new feature was exhibited, but its beauty and brilliancy were greatly magnified.

The beautiful star, Alpha Lyre, had now reached the meridian, and from its high northern declination, was much above the mist of the atmosphere. With this we were to take our leave of "these life-infusing suns of other worlds." When the telescope was adjusted to this star, such was its dazzling brightness, and so thickly it was surrounded by telescopic companions, that the assistant astronomer shouted when it met his eye. The powers employed on this occasion, ranged from 250 to 750. The instrument is furnished with eye-pieces magnifying two thousand times!

Among the results which may be anticipated from this capital instrument, is the detection of planets revolving about the fixed stars, and which are strongly indicated by those faint points of white light, or minute stars, which cluster about Alpha Lyre, of which I counted twenty-three, and the sharper eye of the assistant observer numbered thirty-five. Constant measurements of these with high powers, will, it may be confidently expected, at no distant day, make known the motions and laws of these wonderfully remote and complicated systems.

WM. MITCHELL.

ON A NEW TEST FOR OZONE.*

Bâle, July 1, 1847.

MY DEAR FARADAY,—Having a good opportunity for sending you a few lines, I will make use of it to tell you something about my little doings. You are no doubt struck with the peculiarity of the ink in which this letter is written, and I am afraid you will think it a very bad production; but in spite of its queer colour, you will like it when I tell you what it is, and when I assure you that as long as the art of writing has been practised no letter has ever been written with such an ink. Dealing now again in my *ozone* business, I found out the other day that all manganese salts, be they dissolved or solid, are decomposed by ozone; hydrate of peroxide of manganese being produced and the acid set at liberty. Now, to come round again to my ink, I must tell you that these lines are written with a solution of sulphate of manganese. The writing

* Letter from Professor Schœnbein to Professor Faraday.—*Phil. Mag.* Sept.

being dry, the paper is suspended within a large bottle, the air of which is strongly ozonized by means of phosphorus. After a few minutes the writing becomes visible, and the longer you leave it exposed to the action of ozone the darker it will become. Sulphurous acid gas uniting readily with the peroxide of manganese to form a colourless sulphate, the writing will instantly disappear when placed within air containing some of that acid; and it is a matter of course that the writing will come out again when again exposed to ozonized air. Now all this is certainly mere playing; but the matter is interesting in a scientific point of view, inasmuch as dry strips of white filtering paper drenched with a weak solution of sulphate of manganese furnish us with rather a delicate and specific test for ozone, by means of which we may easily prove the identity of chemical, voltaic, and electrical ozone, and establish with facility and certainty the continual presence of ozone in the open air. I have turned brown my test-paper within the electrical brush, the ozonized oxygen obtained from electrolysed water, and the atmospheric air ozonized by phosphorus. The quantity of ozone produced by the electrical brush being so very small, it requires of course some time to turn the test-paper brown.

As it is rather inconvenient to write with an invisible ink, I will stop here; but not however before having asked your kind indulgence for the many blunders and faults which my ozone bottle will no doubt bring to light before long.

Yours most truly,
C. F. SCHENBEIN.

NEW MINERALS.

Recently the following new minerals have been made known:—

Hauerite, by M. Haidinger. It comes from the sulphur mines of Kalinka, near Althohl, in Hungary. It crystallizes in variously modified octohedra; the crystals are generally grouped in a ball, and lie mostly in clay or gypsum. Its lustre is both slightly adamantine and slightly metallic; it is reddish brown or brown black, translucent at the edges. Its dust is red-brown, hardness 4, density 3.463. Its constituents are sulphur 53.64; manganese 42.97; iron 1.30; silica 1.20, giving a formula nearly MnS^2 .

Xylite, by M. Herman. This mineral is found in the copper mines of the Ural; it is essentially a silicate of iron; its colour is deep brown, its fracture fibrous; specific gravity 2.935; hardness inferior to fluorine. It is only slightly attacked by acids. It contains, silica 44.06; peroxide of iron 37.84; lime 6.58; magnesia 5.42; oxide of copper 1.36; water 4.70.

Condurrite has been newly examined by M. de Kobbel, who pronounces its copper to be a protoxide, and the mineral only a mixture of oxidulated copper, native arsenic, and arsenious acid; not a distinct species. Its constituents, according to M. Kobbel, are arsenious acid 8.03; protoxide of copper 76.00; oxide of iron 3.47; water 9.50.

THE PLANET IRIS.

The first approximation to the elements of the planet Iris calculated by Mr. Hind, presents an orbit remarkable for its great eccentricity and a revolution larger than that of any other asteroid. The following ephemeris deduced therefrom, is for every second noon meantime at Greenwich:

	Right Ascension.	South Declination.
	h. m. s.	° ' "
Sept. 5.	44 28.00	14 7 55.3
— 7.	44 8.65	14 10 31.8
— 9.	43 58.44	14 13 16.9
— 11.	43 57.53	14 15 49.3
— 13.	44 5.96	14 18 8.0
— 15.	19 44 33.78	14 20 11.7

THE PLANET HEBE.

The planet discovered by M. Hencke, on the 1st July last, has been named Hebe.

The elements of Hebe calculated by M. Yvon Villarceau, from observations made at Berlin, on 5th July, and at Paris 15th and 31st July, and 13th Aug., are as follow:—

Mean longitude, July, 1847,	m. t. Paris	287° 23' 45".1	Equin. mean.
Longitude of perihelion	14 49 15.0		July, 1847.
Longitude of ascending node	138 28 23.4		
Inclination	14 47 38.0		
Semi-grand axis	2.4270231		
Eccentricity	0.2004402		
Heliocentric motion	direct		
Mean diurnal ditto	15 38.42		
Period of sidereal revolution, years	3.781.		

These elements have been obtained by a method founded on the intersection of the visual rays, with the surface of revolution described by the orbit round its major axis; a method made known by M. Villarceau, in a Memoir on the Rectification of the Elements of Orbits, and already applied to the correction of the orbit of the planet Astrea.

MAGNETIC DECLINATION.

The Magnetic declination has diminished at Brussels, in twenty years, about two degrees and a half: this amount of diminution is considerable.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.*

THE REV. C. GRAVES read a paper "On the date of the manuscript commonly called the Book of Armagh." Shortly after the Book of Armagh had been deposited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr. Graves observed, on a careful examination, that numerous erasures had been made in it. These occur at the end of the following writings contained in the volume:

1. The confession of St. Patrick, fol. 24, b. 2. The Gospel of St. Matthew, fol. 52, b. 3. The Gospel of St. Mark, fol. 67, b. 4. The Gospel of St. Luke, fol. 89, b. 5. The Revelation of St. John, fol. 170, a. 6. The Acts of the Apostles, fol. 190, a. 7. The Second Book of the Life of St. Martin of Tours, fol. 214, a. 8. A letter of Sulpicius Severus, fol. 220, a.

So effectually had the original writing been effaced in these places, that, in the first instance, Mr. Graves gave up the attempt to decipher it as utterly hopeless. But his attention was again urgently drawn to the subject by Mr. E. Curry, who had independently noticed the same fact. Being aware that it was usual for Irish scribes to insert, at the end of books written by them, their own names, and some notices of the date or occasion of the writing, he had been looking at these very places in the hope of finding such entries, and, to his disappointment, he had ascertained that they had been erased. Still he did not despair of their being ultimately read; and as he thought it probable, that, like the body of the work, they were written in Latin, a language with which he is not well acquainted, he requested Mr. Graves to endeavour to make them out. One of the erasures, to which he particularly directed attention, was the one marked 7 in the above list, and to this Mr. Graves first applied himself. He reads it as follows: *Pro Ferdinacho oves*. On turning to erasures 3, 4, and 8, he satisfied himself that the same words had been written in those places also. It is thus established that the whole volume was executed by the same scribe, as indeed the uniformity of the handwriting sufficiently proves. Erasures 6 and 7 are considerable ones; and there is good reason to apprehend that in both these instances we have to deplore the loss of much information respecting the

* The following analysis is a valuable addition to that range of antiquarian intelligence of which the review of Mr. Reeves' work in our *Gazette* of the 21st ult., we trust, conveyed an adequate idea.—*Ed. L. G.*

manuscript. At all events, we know that it was written by a scribe named Ferdinacho; but it yet remains to be ascertained who this Ferdinacho was, and at what time he lived.

The Annals of the Four Masters contain entries respecting two persons of this name, both of them scribes.

A.D. 727, Ferdinacho, scribe of Armagh, died.
A.D. 845, Ferdinacho, a sage and choice scribe of the church of Armagh, died.

The fact that both these persons were scribes of Armagh, where this manuscript was preserved for so many centuries, renders it in the highest degree probable that one or other was the writer. The names of between thirty and forty persons, who held the office of *scriba* or *scholasticus* in Armagh, are enumerated in the annals of that see, given by Colgan, in his *Trias Thumturga*. But of all these there were only two Ferdinachs, the two already mentioned. Assuming, then, as it seems safe to do, that one or other of these persons was the scribe of the manuscript, Mr. Graves proceeds to fix the actual year in which it was written. He thinks that he has effected this by partly deciphering the writing in the erasure No. 2. This erasure consists of four short lines; and the original writing was in the semi-Greek character. The first is one of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, as given in St. Matthew's Gospel, fol. 36, a; the second is a memorandum occurring in the very column, at the foot of which is the erasure under consideration.

PANEM

NOSTRUM . COTIDIANUM . DA
NORIS . HODIE .
EXPLICIT . AEVANGVE
LION . KATA . MAT
TEVM . SCRIPTVM :
ATQVE FINITVM .
IN FERIA . MATTEI .

After the latter passage comes a collect appropriate to the festival of St. Matthew, and then, at the bottom of the page, is the erasure. By the use of a weak solution of gallic acid in spirits of wine, Mr. Graves revived the traces of the original writing a good deal; and, aided by a magnifying glass, he succeeded, at the expense of much time and labour, in deciphering the greater part of the erased writing. In it is read Heres Patricii, which undoubtedly meant the successor of St. Patrick in the see of Armagh; and thus we at once gain this additional and positive information, that the scribe who wrote the book was contemporary with some Archbishop of Armagh whose name ended with *ach*, as these letters are also decipherable; and this cannot be said of the earlier Ferdinacho, who died A.D. 727. It appears from a passage in fol. 18, b, that Flann Febha had attained the primacy before the book was written, and he was succeeded by Suibne, who outlived this Ferdinacho. Nay, more, if we may trust the list of the Archbishops of Armagh, contained in the *Leabhar Breac*, fol. 99, b, or that given by Colgan from the Psalter of Cashel, there had been no Archbishop of Armagh, whose name terminated thus, for more than a hundred years previous to the death of the first Ferdinacho. On the other hand we know that, in the time of the second Ferdinacho, there were three Archbishops of Armagh whose names ended in *ach*, Foendelach, Connach, and Torbach. But further, enough remains of the letter preceding the final *ach* to indicate that it was a *b*; certainly enough to show that it could not have been either an *l* or an *m*. Moreover, in the space occupied by the name, there is not room for seven or eight letters. On these grounds Mr. Graves concludes that the name was that of Torbach, whose death is thus recorded in the Annals of the four Masters:

A.D. 808. Torbach, son of Gorman, Scribe, Lecturer, and Abbot of Armagh was he, of the Kinel Torbaigh, i.e. of Hy-Kelly of Bregia.

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Introducing then the name of Torbach, Mr. Graves proposes to restore the whole passage thus:

F DOMNACH. HVNC. LIB
E RVM. E DICTANTE
R TORBACH. HEREDE. FAT
RICI. SCRIPTIST.

Torbach held the primacy, according to the catalogues of the Psalter of Cashel, and the *Leabhar Breac*, for a single year; and his death took place on the 16th of July: "*colitur 16^o Julii*," says Colgan, T. T. p. 294. Since, then, the writing of the Gospel of St. Matthew in the Book of Armagh was finished on St. Matthew's festival day, the 21st of September, and during Torbach's primacy, it must have been in the year 807. If we could be quite sure that the half-erased name terminated in *bach*, there would remain no reasonable ground for doubting the conclusion at which Mr. Graves has arrived. For the satisfaction, however, of those who may not participate in the certainty which he feels as regards this point, he thinks it right to notice the following circumstances, which, although not deserving the name of proofs, tend in some degree to confirm the probability of his conjecture. The Torbach above mentioned having been himself a scribe of Armagh, the copying of the precious manuscripts of the see was such a work as we might expect to find undertaken during his primacy; and of these second Ferdornach we are informed, not only that he was a scribe of Armagh in Torbach's time, but that he was *scriba* *et* *scriba*, a choice scribe, a fit person to be intrusted with so important a work. Certainly the penmanship of the Book of Armagh is of the most consummate excellence. The whole of the writing is remarkable for its distinctness and uniformity. All the letters are elegantly shaped, and many of the initials are executed with great artistic skill. The last verses of St. John's Gospel, fol. 103, a, may be especially referred to, as exhibiting a specimen of penmanship which no scrivener of the present day could attempt to rival. It is also worthy of notice, that, about the time of Torbach's primacy, the inroads of the Danes in the north of Ireland and the adjoining islands, were becoming so frequent and serious, that the ecclesiastics of Armagh might well have been anxious to take measures for the preservation of their records. In the year 802 the Scandinavian pirates plundered the monastery of Hy, on which occasion many of the inmates, both laymen and monks, perished. They again attacked it in 806, and put to death no less than sixty-eight of the monks. In 807 they effected a landing on the Irish coast, and, penetrating as far as Roscommon, destroyed it, and laid waste the surrounding country. But it was not till 831 that they entered Armagh. In that year, as we learn from the annals of the Four Masters, they plundered it three times in the course of one month. It had never before been taken possession of by foreigners.

Mr. Graves stated that, on mentioning to his friend Mr. Petrie the fact of his having ascertained the name of the scribe of the Book of Armagh to be Ferdornach, Mr. Petrie at once informed him, that he had, many years ago, made a drawing of a tombstone at Clonmacnoise, on which that name appeared. The character of the inscription, and the style of the cross, belong, as Mr. Petrie thinks, to the ninth century. It is not unlikely that this may be the tombstone of the very person by whom the Book of Armagh was transcribed. His having been buried at Clonmacnoise rather than at Armagh, furnishes no argument to the contrary. We know that many distinguished ecclesiastics and learned men came from remote places to pass their last days as pilgrims at Clonmacnoise. It might be that Ferdornach retired to that place when Armagh was plundered by the Danes in 831. It is not a little remarkable, that the Book of Lecan, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, furnishes

us with the pedigree of a Ferdornach, twenty-third in descent from Conary More, Monarch of Ireland, whose reign commenced A.D. 158. Allowing thirty years to a generation, we should bring the time of this Ferdornach just down to the middle of the ninth century. For the discovery of this curious coincidence Mr. Graves is indebted to Mr. Eugene Curry, who, at his request, most kindly undertook the laborious task of making the necessary searches.

Sir William Betham, in his account of this manuscript, has assigned to it an earlier date, assuming it to have been written by Aidus, Bishop of Sletty, who died A.D. 699. And in this he has been followed by Mr. Westwood, in his recently published *Palaeographia Sacra*. Sir William Betham, wanting the positive evidence now brought forward, appears to have been led to that conclusion by a passage in the Life of St. Patrick, fol. 20, b: "*Hæc pauca de Sancti Patricii peritiâ et virtutibus Munchu Macc u Machtheni, dictante Aidus Slebtienis civitatis episcopo, conscripsit.*" But it would seem that these words were only intended to convey, that the memoir of St. Patrick was originally drawn up at the desire or command of Aidus, just as the Gospel of St. Matthew, and probably the whole Book of Armagh, was transcribed by Ferdornach, *dictante herede Patricii*, at the bidding of the then Archbishop of Armagh. The original Life of St. Patrick, by Muirchu, together with the annotations of Tirechan, were evidently becoming illegible at the time that Ferdornach's copy of them was made. This is sufficiently indicated by notes in the margin, which show that the scribe found it difficult, in many places, to read the manuscript from which he was transcribing. Whatever abatement, therefore, has been made from the supposed age of the Book of Armagh, is fully compensated for by the knowledge that it is a copy from documents which were themselves old in the year 807.

It is not easy to conjecture at what time the erasures now noticed were made in the manuscript. They seem not only to have concealed the name of the scribe from those scholars through whose hands the manuscript has passed at different times, but to have escaped their observation. At all events, they are not mentioned by those antiquaries who have hitherto published descriptions of the Book of Armagh. It is hardly possible to conceive how so intelligent a scholar as Lhwyl could have spoken as he does of the commonly received belief, that it was in the handwriting of St. Patrick, if the name of the real scribe, Ferdornach, had appeared in eight or more places. And if he had not himself observed the signature of the real scribe, it could scarcely have passed unnoticed by Mr. A. Brownlow, who, on purchasing the book, after it had been left in pledge for *5l.* by F. Mac Moyre, carefully arranged and numbered the folios, and marked in the margin the beginnings of the chapters of the several books of the New Testament,—a task in the execution of which he must necessarily have examined every single page of the book. On these grounds, Mr. Graves is inclined to believe that the erasures were made before the manuscript came into the possession of Mr. Brownlow, that is to say, about the year 1680.

FINE ARTS.

The Bottle. By George Cruikshank.

We have often spoken of Cruikshank as the Hogarth of our day, and this publication more than ever establishes the resemblance. The inculcation of some high moral, by a series of picture illustrations, is, perhaps, one of the most effective that can be applied. The eye receives impressions more readily than any other organ, and conveys them to the mind even more vividly than any other medium. When we read, the

progress seems circuitous; what we hear, is more evanescent, to youth and childhood in particular. The visible representation of objects is a sure, and a deep, and a lasting source of intelligence, and the skilful artist can thus employ one of the best plans of education. In the series of eight prints before us, George Cruikshank has told the sad and tragic story of gin drinking—an old Hogarthian subject, and one, the evils of which can never be too often enforced. In the upper classes of society, an immense improvement has taken place within the last half century, and drunkenness has almost disappeared from respectable life. But among the lower orders, there is still too much to lament; and when we consider the horrid stuff which they consume, shortening life through years of disease and pain, we must hail with approbation every attempt to warn them against the abomination so fraudulently prepared to tempt them from the paths of sobriety. From the first kindly drop which the husband persuades his young and reluctant wife to taste, to the final catastrophes of death, murder, and madness, we travel here through the melancholy record, and see vice gradually, though rapidly, supersede virtue, sottishness, supplant industry, and atrocious guilt erase every trace of human nature, respect for self, and love of kind. The horrors of the close are almost too much for susceptible nerves; but lessons of truth must be strongly enforced, and our graphic instructor has not failed to put all his pith into these exhibitions of the progress of crime from apparently a very innocent beginning. That his "*Bottle*" will be very popular there can be no doubt; and we trust it will have a wide effect in making all bottles less so.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, 31st Aug. 1847.

SIR,—I shall not dwell, as you seem to recoil from the recital, upon the frightful murder which has left so profound an impression on every mind; nor will I allude to the suicide of the murderer, nor to the letters of the victim, published to day by several papers, and which have added, if possible, to the immense commiseration she excites. How eloquent they are, those letters! How noble and resigned is the spirit which pervades them! They attest glorious struggles, admirable victories, obtained over herself by this generous-hearted woman, who was so misunderstood, so insulted, by the mother whose children had been taken from her care and all available means adopted to depreciate her in their minds. Those letters, in a word, are a providential consolation which public conscience much needed. They prove that beside the fiend, there was an angel, and the most sublime virtues existing under the influence of the most perverse inclinations. It is almost a rehabilitation of our national character—a powerful attenuation of the anathemas which our present state of society might justly deserve.

Meanwhile, other scandalous occurrences take place. A man of high birth, Count Alfred de Montesquieu, at the age of fifty-three, commits suicide, after having lost by gambling the enormous sum of 1,700,000*fr.* (£68,000). Other reports attribute his death to his having committed forgeries, hoping thereby to obviate the ruin of his affairs.

Nor is this all. It appears that the same day on which M. de Praslin gave back his guilty soul to God, another Peer of France, who bears one of the finest names of the Empire, stabbed his mistress, after a violent quarrel with her. The wound, fortunately, was not serious. The victim, frightened at the consequences, after having denounced the criminal, hastened in her examination to declare that she had provoked him to this act of brutal violence, by injurious expres-

sions and even blows. This circumstance was made use of to screen the accused from the action of the laws, and several of his colleagues have contrived to make him instantly quit France. The public papers are beginning to report this affair, which occurred four or five days ago, but have not yet dared to enter into details. For my part I have it on good authority, and with the exception of the culprit's name, I feel myself authorized to give you this communication.

A law-suit, which has lately been tried at the "Cour d'Assises," comes, quite opportunely, to prove that many of the crimes we daily witness are to be attributed to the deteriorating influence of an unwholesome style of literature. *La Démocratie Pacifique*, a paper upholding the doctrines called *Fourieristes*, had been brought before a jury on account of an article in which every sort of moral feeling had been deliberately braved and trampled upon. This publication, entitled "*La part des femmes*," could not be defended, even by the prisoners' own counsel. The advocates for the author of the article and the editor of the journal could only maintain, that, in the literary atmosphere we breathe, the passages condemned were authorized by the example given in writings, of a far more dangerous tendency, from the pens of M.M. Eugène Sue, Balzac, Théophile Gautier, —all men decorated and distinguished by Government, and who write for Conservative papers. This system of recrimination could but ill justify the accused parties, who, being declared guilty by the jury, were condemned by the Court to one month's imprisonment, and 100 francs, fine.

M. de Bonald has written to this effect: "Literature is the expression of society. This being true, we have much reason to grieve in perusing most of the works of contemporary writers, but there is no room for surprise. When corruption has worked itself into every class; when, in every grade of society, we meet shameful vices, cowardly hypocrisy, cynic effrontery; when each day reveals to us some base action or crime; if it be true that the stage is the mirror of the sentiments, passions, and ideas which give to every age its tone and character—what are the scenes which the theatres can unroll before our eyes? Atrocities or mere shows. And this is what is done by them."

It is by such lines as these, or words tending to the same end, that begin all the accounts given of a new melodrama which was acted last week at the *Ambigu Comique*. You see Society accuses Literature, and Literature retorts upon Society. "Let us have better precepts," says one; "Give us better examples," replies the other. "The scenes you represent corrupt us;" "We paint from nature—nothing more." Strange dialogue! the conclusion to be drawn from which is desperate; for if we must speak our mind, both interlocutors have reason on their side. If a people were not already vitiated, corrupt writings would not be accepted to charm their leisure hours. And on the other hand, our novelists must be sunk very low, even in their own esteem, to curry popularity for their fictions at the price most of them pay for it; that is, by the sacrifice of every chaste inspiration, and a total neglect of every moral duty.

The melodrama in question is taken from an enormous novel, which I once before alluded to, when speaking of the foolish pageant exhibited here when the first publication of the *Era* took place. On the boulevards might then be seen vehicles crowded with persons wearing masks, representing the principal personages of the novel, and above them waved a banner with these words in bright red on a black ground:

THE DEVIL'S SON,

BY PAUL FEVAL.

READ THE "ERA"!!!

But the *Era* was not read much, notwithstanding the *Devil's Son*. And the *Devil's Offspring* now re-appears, after two years, dished-up and seasoned for representation by M. Frederic Soulié, who has kindly protected the dramatic *début* of M. Paul Féval. A worthy association truly, *Arcades ambo!* between these two men of the same school, and guilty of the same literary sins.

The produce of their united labours is a tissue of adventures increasing one above another in horror. Murders under the semblance of duels, poisonings to inherit property, ruffians leagued together for the perpetration of the blackest deeds. The plot of the story runs upon the question of deciding whether the immense estate of a noble Hungarian will become the prey of a band of wretches, associated to seize upon it, or whether its rightful heir (after narrowly escaping sharing the fate of his father and mother, who die by poison) will succeed in defeating the plots of those who seek his life. He would assuredly perish if he had not the assistance of his three bastard brothers; the eldest of whom, in particular, the noble-minded Otho, begins with his persecutors an incessant struggle, the numerous chances of which, spun out during eleven acts, fill with terror and delight the enlightened audience, for whom this coarse fable has been invented.

I shall not repeat here what I have frequently observed to you before, touching these productions—long novels, whose sole merit consists in the complication, the multiplicity of situations,—in the accumulation of events, strange, unheard of, sometimes even impossible. What can be said, that has not been said before, against these disordinate sentiments, savage appetites, furious passions, and that mad style of writing which is peculiarly the essence of these works? Let us hope that the fashion of these things will change, as all fashions do, and that its very excess will produce a re-action favourable to good sense, and good taste, and that honest feelings will be expressed in a style at once natural and plain.

The Opera will re-open in September. The boxes have been enlarged, the stalls improved, new staircases facilitate circulation; the green-room has been sumptuously decorated, the lobbies carpeted, and the entrance-hall protected from the cold. If we obtain a *prima donna*, *tenor*, and *basso*, all will be as it should.

I conclude my letter by an eccentric piece of news which goes far to prove that we can also relish what in England you call "fun." We read in several morning papers:

"The tribunal of correction in Nantes has condemned to a fine of 15 francs the last functionary of the law (the public executioner), . . . for having illegally practised *Physic*!"

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RED INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[Several numbers of a New York weekly Journal; edited by Mr. C. F. Hoffman, having been obligingly forwarded to us, we are glad to welcome the publication as one of real literature, rather tolerant feeling, and superior talent. It is particularly addressed to authors, readers, and publishers, and deserves well of them all. Among its reviews of new works is one on the subject expressed at the head of this notice, and founded on a quarto of sixty pages recently issued by the Indian department of government at Washington; from which, and from old authors whose statements have been forgotten, we gather some curious views of this interesting inquiry—the more interesting, because the races to which it relates have passed and are passing away with all their customs, their beliefs, and their legends. We stare to be told that there are traces of Ghebr Worship at Natchez; but we will now take up the thread of our transatlantic contemporary, and adapt his principal points to our columns, which delight in this sort of information.]

* Yet sufficiently national and anti-English, as may be seen in the number for June 19th, in which the writer answers an intemperate piece of folly hurled to the Yankee *amour propre*, in some London periodicals, in a style equally foolish and more angry.—[Ed. Lit. Gaz.]

"In studying the mythology of our aborigines, the first particular which claims our attention, is their idea of the human soul; its existence previous to this life, and its destination hereafter. That excellent observer, Dr. Edwin James, who accompanied Major Long in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and who has recorded his personal experience of Indian manners and character in more than one work upon their habits and customs, says (*Col. N. Y. Hist. Soc.*) that it is common to hear the Indians, in conversation, speak of 'coming above,' as synonymous with birth; and that they speak thus in allusion to the idea that the shadows of men, or, as we would term them, their souls, or spirits, existed previous to their birth at some places under the ground. This, we think, it will be admitted, is a peculiar and most remarkable starting point in the psychology of a barbarous people! Certainly they who begin their system of doctrine, by claiming a locality for the soul before it comes upon earth, are entitled to have their speculations treated with some respect, when they attempt to trace its destination after its wayfaring on our planet is over.

"Now, these opinions of the previous existence of the soul in some other sphere are common to all the families of the two great Algonquin and Iroquois stocks, which extended over Canada and the whole northern part of the United States.

"But what is this soul that thus 'comes above' is it the 'anima,' the vital spirit of the Latin: is it the *Ψυχη*, the ethereal spirit of the Greek; or how does it agree in meaning with the ideas which we attach to the word 'soul?' The new Indian word used by Elliott in his translation of the Gospels to render the phrase 'my soul' and that adopted by Loskiel in his missionary labours among the Delawares, afford us no assistance. These translators are often obliged arbitrarily to adopt some one word to express that which the Indian only shadows forth by a periphrasis; and the term thus pressed into religious service, though made, in time, to define an orthodox idea to Indian ears, represents only the notions which have been impinged upon him by his Christian teachers, not those which are native to his own peculiar modes of thinking. The word given by Volney, in his *Maumee Vocabulary*, as a translation for either of the three English words, 'mind,' or 'soul,' or 'spirit,' is *atchipasia*, and this word he is obliged to tell us in a note, does not after all mean either 'mind,' or 'soul,' or 'spirit,' but literally, in strict translation, 'a flying phantom!' Again, the fidelity of this translation is called in question by one of Volney's commentators (Dr. James); but its true Indian character seems sufficiently established by another word, in another Indian dialect, which is used by Dr. James as referring directly to the soul, and which expresses, as nearly as may be, this same idea of a fleeting phantom or shadow. 'An Indian (says James) of whom I made some inquiries respecting a friend of his that had recently died, replied to me in a very earnest manner, '*kunkotow naiponit otahchuk*,' at no time will die his shadow.' Otahchuk, says the same excellent authority, is the same word which they use for the shade cast by any body when the sun is shining; but its primitive meaning is distinct and universally understood, like that of the Latin word *anima*, or the Greek *δύσμος* or *ψυχή*, which meant originally wind! Now it is well known that our word spirit is derived from the Latin *spirare*, to 'breathe,' and English poetry has familiarized all of us with the terms shade and shadow, used with the same figurative signification which the Indians attach to them in a similar connexion. Whether or not their opinions respecting the nature of the shadow are entirely analogous to our own, will appear hereafter. Dr. James, when on duty at Prairie du Chien, heard some Indians expressing one of

their tribe, who had been ill, for what they considered imprudent exertion and exposure during his recovery, telling him that *'his shadow was not yet well settled,'* meaning that he was still so weak that his soul was constantly ready to desert him. As to the position of the soul while in the body, we do not find that our Indians, like some of the ancients, assign any particular part as the residence of the imperishable spirit; but while the majority believe with ourselves that it is immaterial, and, therefore, when wishing to escape, not retarded in its motions by material obstacles, it is said that many among the wide-spread family of the Sioux insist, with the Nessaires of the East, that the soul can only make its exit through some natural aperture of the body (James and Turner's *Journal in Asia Minor*).

"But we have not yet got at half the attributes of a human soul, according to the Indian belief. Of these, the chief one seems to be the power which the soul has when it first springs fresh and energetic from its now rejected earthly tabernacle, to impart its ethereal nature to all material objects that ministered to its comfort in life. We are all familiar with the fact, that our Indians inter with the deceased his war-dress, his arms, his calumet, and his barbaric ornaments of every kind. These, according to Le Jeune, who wrote a century since, as well as according to travellers of our own day, become endowed with the power of flinging their shade also into the far shadow-land, if they are devoted to the departed warrior on the instant he commences his journey on *'the path of the dead.'* That extraordinary personage, Emmanuel Swedenborg himself, could not believe more thoroughly that he would smoke his German meerschaum in the land of spirits, than does our spiritual Indian, that the ghost of the pipe which often consoled his weary hunts upon the earth, will faithfully regale his ghostly senses in the land of shadows.

"We have now traced the soul of the red man in its origin and its attributes, but we have not yet discussed its character, nor pointed out the all-important particular in which it differs from the soul of a white man; and in which, as we think, all will be ready to admit the red soul has a decided advantage over its white sister spirit. It is, then, a double soul!

"Among the Chippewas, a covering of cedar bark is put over the top of the grave to shed the rain. This is roof-shaped, and the whole structure looks slightly like a house in miniature. It has gable-ends, and through one of these, at the head of the grave, a hole is cut. Mr. Schoolcraft once asked a Chippewa why this was done.

"To allow the soul to pass out and in," said the Indian.

"I thought (said Mr. S.) that you believed that the soul went up from the body, at the time of death, to a land of happiness! How, then, can it remain in the body?"

"There are two souls," answered the Indian philosopher.

"How can that be?"

"It is easily explained," continued the Chippewa. "You know that in dreams we pass over wide countries, and see hills, and lakes, and mountains, and many scenes which pass before our eyes and affect us; yet, at the same time, our bodies do not stop, and there is a soul left with the body—else it would be dead! So you perceive it must be another soul that accompanies us!"—(Schoolcraft's *Oneonta*.)

"This same idea of the duplicate character of the soul (the Greek *αἴψος* and *ψυχή*) is traceable among the Iroquois, or Six Nations, and is distinctly attributed to the Hurons by the excellent and reliable Père de Brebœuf, writing nearly two centuries since, as we shall show in recurring to this point hereafter.

"At present, we will not consider these little excursions of the lingering spirit so loath to

leave its favourite haunts, but follow it upon the journey along the terrible path of the dead. The path, says the Indian death-song—

*'The path which has been traced out
We and all men must walk.'*

"The path of ghosts," or the *'Spirit Trail,'* as the milky way is called, in different dialects of our aborigines, leads to a distant country, where the shadows of those who have heretofore sojourned on the earth, are now pursuing occupations and amusements, marrying and giving in marriage, as in the elysium of Swedenborg. But before the newly departed shadow can reach those blessed islands, amid which lie embowered the villages of the dead, many obstacles are to be encountered, and many difficulties overcome. The disembodied shades must cross a river, too deep and rapid to be forded, in a stone canoe; they must next traverse a bottomless chasm, bridged only by an enormous snake, on whose slimy back they walk; and finally pass over a still more boisterous torrent than the preceding, upon a single tottering log, which spans the roaring gulph below. This log is constantly vibrating upwards and downwards, with such violence, that many, alike children and adults, are precipitated into the gulph, when they are changed into fish and turtles, and other cold-blooded animals.

"Of those, who effect in safety the transit of these perilous passes, and arrive at the villages of the dead, all are not equally well received; some are fallen upon and worried by huge dogs, which they meet on the brink of the river that girdles the blessed islands, others, when they come to the lodges of those who had been their acquaintances when living, are coldly received or altogether refused admittance. Many of the shadows crowd around those who have just arrived, and question them respecting those left behind, and when such and such person may be expected.

"In the villages of the dead, which are large and numerous beyond anything that is known upon the earth, some are engaged in feasting, many in ceremonies like those of the medicine dance, others in hunting, fishing, and smoking. In the dances, says Dr. James, all those who have died in consequence of being stabbed, dance on their heads with their feet upwards. Charlevoix, in speaking of the Canadian Indians, says, they have taken it into their head that in the other world, the souls of those who have died a violent death, have no intercourse with the rest, and on this principle, they burn or bury them immediately, and sometimes before they are quite dead. This is certainly a most singular usage in a people so devoted to war that it was a kind of religion with them. We have met with no confirmation of it elsewhere, and we are strongly disposed to think, that admitting the existence of so striking an inconsistency upon this authority, the peculiar view, and the brief funeral rites consequent upon it, must spring from the Indian belief, that the souls of warriors have a heaven of their own, to which they are instantly transported when they fall in battle, without being obliged to traverse the customary path of the dead.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL TURNER, ESQ., F.R.S.

THE death of this much-respected gentleman, on Saturday last, aged 71, at Misborne House, near Liverpool, claims a record in our columns. His liberal entertainment of the British Association at Liverpool, and his attendance at subsequent meetings, showed his love of science; and if his attachment to literature was gratifying to others, to us it was endeared by the most touching of personal recollections. He it was who first turned our bark from other intended pursuits,

and bade us launch on that uncertain sea, whose storm and sunshine have made our life. He was our friend to the last, and ever took a warm interest in our career, kindly encouraging, and only too partially praising what we could do. It may be mentioned, as a singular coincidence, that in the last conversation we had with him, he spoke of the remarkable fact (as connected with the doctrine of life insurances) that there had not been a death in his family (of eight we think) during forty years, and the youngest was over the age of three score; alas! the shadow, and the coming event—his own death. He was the son of Samuel Turner, an eminent West Indian merchant, in London, and brother of Dr. Turner, so high in the ranks of the living faculty.

NICHOLAS CARLISLE, ESQ.,

For more than forty years secretary to the Royal Society of Antiquaries, died at Margate on Friday, the 27th August, in the 77th year of his age. He added to his name the distinctions of K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.A.S., &c. &c., and was the author of several works on archaeological subjects; his publications began about forty years ago, the first we can refer to being his *Topographical Dictionary of England*, 2 vols. 4to. in 1808; the *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland* followed in a 4to volume, 1810; that of Wales, another 4to, in 1811; and that of Scotland and the Islands of the British seas, 2 vols. 4to, in 1813. In the arduous office which he held, Mr. Carlisle was a straightforward and upright functionary, setting his face against the intrigues and party movements which have so frequently distracted and injured the Society. It is to be hoped, for its benefit, and renewed or increased efficiency, that a competent successor may be elected to conduct its business at home and carry on its correspondence abroad. The experience of Sir H. Ellis ought to be joined with the activity of a younger co-adjutor, who could relieve him from a considerable share of the laborious duties which are required of the secretaries. The supply of communications is a very important concern; and none but a distinguished antiquary should be considered eligible for the task. We trust that no favouritism will be suffered, for, on the choice, much will depend of the continued decline or restoration of this National Institution.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON COMING FROM THE DESERT TO THE SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Riding the Desert, silent and austere,
At once methought I heard a well-known voice,
And saw, a sight that made my heart rejoice,
The ocean's old familiar face appear:
And how that sound was music in my ear,
And how that sight refreshing, ye may tell
Who in the midst of scenes as lone and drear
Have met a friend that ye have loved as well!
Then turning to the wilderness once more,
Lingering I left that cheerful sight behind;
But still for many a mile the welcome wind
The murmuring music of the surges bore,
Until the voice, that seemed "Farewell" to say,
In the dumb, solemn desert died away.

R. F.

THOU DOST NOT LOVE ME.

Thou dost not love me! take away
Those arms that twine around me;
I thought thee true as tongue can say:
I think thee—what I've found thee.
Go, take to other maids thy kisses,
Nor deem of me so lowly,
That I could stoop my heart to this,
A love so false, unholly.
I will not have thine arm so fond,
Nor hear thy tongue's deceiving;
Oh, what are words when all beyond
Is full of deepest grieving!
Take, take thy false, false kiss away,
Those eyes, those looks, that chill me;
I cannot, will not, dare not stay—
Thy falsehood else will kill me!

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

The Mary-le-bone Theatre.—That there is still popular feeling in favour of Shakspeare and a national drama was more than demonstrated on Monday evening, when this theatre, in the far north-west of London, was opened under the management of Mrs. Warner, and was filled from floor to ceiling by an earnest and attentive audience, to witness Shakspeare's play of the *Winter's Tale*. Mrs. Warner has gathered round her from all the provinces a good working company, and, for an opening night, really surprised us with the generally efficient manner in which the play was produced and acted. *Leontes* found a fit representative in Mr. Graham, as did *Polixenes* in Mr. Johnstone; Mrs. Warner was all that could be desired as *Hermione*, and all the minor parts were not only carefully, but well played; indeed, it was altogether a very gratifying entertainment, and we hope that the undertaking may prove more than prosperous in hands that have shown so much care in commencing to cater for the people in this hitherto deserted region.

The Royal Free Hospital seems, from the newspapers, to have a good deal to contend with, and to be obliged to reduce its establishment and its provisions for succouring the poor. As we took much interest in the prosperity of this charity, and devoted some of our columns to its cause, we cannot but regret this result, especially as it was for a long while so liberally supported by the public. Whether any of the charges brought against its management, and which provoked much discussion, have injured it in opinion, or whether it really stand in need of reform, are questions which it is desirable should be set at rest, so as to restore confidence and reinstate so necessary an institution in the full exercise of its benevolent purposes.

Roman Remains.—In digging the foundation for the Railway terminus at St. Leonards, Perth, a quantity of human bones and stone coffins have been discovered. Urns of burnt clay, some of them containing ashes, were found; and the *North British Mail* informs us, that a Roman road, many feet below the present surface and immediately beneath a deep bed of clay, has also been brought to light. The strong Roman stations and desperate battles in these parts have left scattered relics of every kind and vestiges of their ancient works, such as the interesting camp at Ardoch, all over the country.

An Earthquake in Egypt is noticed as an unusual occurrence. The shock was felt at Alexandria and Cairo on the morning of the 7th ult., slightly at the former place, though sufficiently to drive the inhabitants to the streets, ringing bells, stopping clocks, breaking glass, cracking houses, &c.; but severely at Cairo, many mosques being much damaged and lives lost. The shock is stated to have past from East to West, and serious accounts from Syria are anticipated.

High Mathematics.—The following is Sir W. R. Hamilton's theorem of hodographic isochronism. "If two circular hodographs, having a common chord, which passes through or tends towards a common centre of force, be cut perpendicularly by a third circle, the times of hodographically describing the intercepted arcs will be equal."

The Village Festival.—A picture on canvass, said to be by Rubens and his pupils, and a duplicate of that on panel in the Louvre, is now exhibiting in St. James's-street. There are about ninety figures in it in nearly every posture and act of disgusting revelry, and the whole scene about the most ample concatenation of vulgarity we ever saw affixed to a great name, yet there is some clever painting in parts.

The Houses of Parliament.—Letts & Co's. is the first scant publication respecting the new Parliament. It is nothing more than the newspaper returns in a "little bookie."

The Paris Academy of Inscriptions has issued the 2nd part of the 16th vol. of "Notices, Extracts, &c., of the Manuscripts in the Royal Library," commenced about sixty years ago. This part is an essay by Mr. Vincent, on original manuscripts upon Greek Music, a subject of infinite difficulty and respecting which we have very little certain information. The publication is admirably got up.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Monckton Milne's *Life and Works of John Keats*, and Dr. Beattie's *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, are announced to be published in America simultaneously with their English appearance, but in the small and cheap form of 16mo.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The National Cyclopaedia, vols. 1 and 2, 8vo. cloth, each 5s.—Journal of an Overland Expedition, in Australia, by Dr. Leichhardt, 8vo. cloth, 16s.—Arrowsmith's Map of Dr. Leichhardt's Route, 9s.—Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, re-issue, vol. 1.—Mental Philosophy, 4to. cloth, 21s.—The Players; or, the Stage of Life, by J. T. Searle, 3 vols., post 8vo. 41 11s. 6d.—Alison's Europe, vol. 9, post 8vo. cloth, 6s.—Constitutional History of Dublin University, by Denis C. Heron, 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.—Chambers' Select Writings, vol. 7, 12mo. cloth, 4s.—Kennaway's Sermons at Brighton, 12mo. cloth, new series, 7s. 6d.—Carver's Remarks on Grave Stones, 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.—Truefit's Architectural Sketches on the Continent, 4to. cloth, 10s. 6d.—The House of Shakspeare, by F. W. Fairholt, fep. sewed, 2s. 6d.—The Curate of Withmore, a novel, 3 vols., post 8vo. 41 11s. 6d.—Travels in Western Africa, in 1849 and 1846, by John Duncan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Prose Writers in America, by Rufus W. Griswold, royal 8vo. 21s.—Notes of a Residence at Rome, by Rev. M. Vicary, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Natural History of Stuck-up People, 18mo. sewed, 1s.—Bohn's Standard Library, vol. 25, 3s. 6d.—Bohn's Antiquarian Library, vol. 1, 3s.

BENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1847.	h. m. s.	1847.	h. m. s.
Sep. 4 . . .	11 39 30	Sep. 8 . . .	11 51 43 7
5 . . .	58 43 5	9 . . .	57 25 3
6 . . .	58 23 7	10 . . .	57 2 9
7 . . .	58 3 8		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE has some industrious friends who have during several years amused the public by the invention and circulation of periodical reports that it has changed hands, or that some revolution or other has attended or was about to attend it. Latterly our respected old publisher having thought the time came to relieve his age from very active business employment, and another mechanical alteration having taken place, our "industrious friends" have not failed to revive their usual misrepresentations; and with so much effrontery as even to impose upon individuals in reading and intellectual London circles. It seems expedient, therefore, to say at once that there is no foundation for their assertions—that the *Gazette* is precisely under the same literary and scientific direction it has been since its commencement, and that the only recent alterations have been additions to its home and foreign contributors, the original intelligence derived from whom in the last three numbers [cannot have escaped the notice of its readers. From these sources we think we may justly boast that at the dull season of the year it is weekly sheet has been the fullest in interesting information.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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PALE ALE.—F. ABBOTT, the sole surviving partner of this long-celebrated Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the faculty, not being sold to the Trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, now.

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LONDON COMMITTEE for the PURCHASE
of SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.—The members of this Committee are hereby informed that the MEETINGS are HELD every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 4, at No. 15, Abingdon-street, Westminster, until further notice.

T. AMYOT, Esq., Chairman.
F. G. TOMLIN, Esq., Hon. Secretary.

TESTIMONIAL to Mr. BUCKINGHAM.

At a GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the British and Foreign Institute, held at their Rooms, The Right Hon. the Earl of DEVON in the Chair, It was moved by J. W. BRETT, Esq.; seconded by J. J. FORRESTER, Esq.; and carried unanimously.

That the thanks of the members of the Institute are due to the resident director, for the zeal and perseverance with which he has devoted his time and labour to its affairs, at great personal sacrifices to himself, and for the satisfactory manner in which he has conducted its proceedings; and that meeting strongly urges upon the members at large the propriety and justice of their united and cordial co-operation, in order to mark their due sense of his valuable services by some appropriate testimonial.

The Earl of Devon, on putting this resolution to the vote, begged to say that it had his entire approbation; he had witnessed himself all those qualities which had been so highly commended in Mr. Buckingham, and he must add that his excellent judgment under circumstances of great difficulty, had been as strikingly exhibited as his perseverance and his zeal. Whatever might be the ultimate issue of the efforts of the Institute, he could truly say that it was under the greatest obligations to Mr. Buckingham, and that Mr. Buckingham was under none whatever to it. All the groundless rumours that had been so industriously circulated of its being a society for his exclusive benefit, and by which he was to be speedily enriched, were known to all who were acquainted with the facts of the case to be perfectly untrue; and, for his own part, he (the Earl Devon) while he deeply regretted its termination, should never be ashamed of the part he had taken in its foundation and progress, as he believed its object to be a high and honourable one, and perfectly practicable, if all who entered it with such loud expressions of admiration had only fulfilled their duty in practising what they professed.

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(Signed) J. W. BRETT, Hon. Sec.

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